

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2776.—VOL. CI.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892.

TWO {SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN: AN INTERRUPTED CANVASS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is proposed that among the Board-school children there should be established a "Guild of Courtesy," and that to begin with they shall be taught to say "Please." I do not find that even the boys in the street, who always ask me (on account of my benevolent appearance) "What time is it?" omit this politeness, but I have never yet known one, after he has received the desired information, say "Thank you." The grace before meals is easily taught, and the dinner is made dependent upon it, but after dinner it is not thought so necessary; there may be other reasons—as, for instance, the quality of the banquet, which may seem to render thanks superfluous—but the main point is that nothing is to be got by it. However, the School Board boys are to be taught to say "By your leave" (like railway porters, who, next to the guards, are the politest of men), and "I beg your pardon," when they tip-cat you in the eye; instead of, as at present, grinning, or even saying "Who are you, that you are so precious partickler about your eyesight?" It will be a Reformation indeed, and (what boys always confuse with that historical event) a Revolution; but one is afraid that it will tend still more to emphasise the difference between the classes and the masses. It seems incredible that we shall ever get our public-school boys to be polite, especially to one another. If this reform is carried out, the juvenile population will, so to speak, be ear-marked. When we hear one of them talk—well, as usual—we shall be able to say for a certainty, "That is a young gentleman"; if he talks politely, "That is a School Board boy." This is a serious consideration.

Many years ago, in a certain very picturesque-locality in Devonshire, where the hills are exceedingly steep, it was attempted to establish among the inhabitants a case of goitre. This little ailment is supposed only to occur in mountainous countries, and it was naturally thought that it would be an excellent advertisement of the place, so far as the hills were concerned, to produce such a proof of their precipitous character. It turned out to be an ordinary throat disease, which unfortunately "yielded to remedies"; but the idea was ingenious, and, as only too often happens, it has been borrowed. In an excellent hotel, where some lady friends of mine were staying the other day, in June, and where is supposed to be a summer resort, they found the wind in the north-east, the snow only just being so good as not to fall, a fire necessary in the sitting-room, and the chambermaid with a swelling on her lower lip, which—it having aroused compassionate inquiry—she had the audacity to say was a "heat-bump." They feel positively certain that she had been directed by the management to give that explanation of her disorder. The idea of anyone having a heat-bump in June 1892 was simply preposterous. Moreover, the landlady made a point, when they were all in furs, of going out with a sunshade!

One hopes that there will be some gleams of humour in the General Election, which have certainly been wanting in the recent debates in Parliament. There has been a good deal of denunciation and very little wit, and there has been a conspicuous absence of good-nature. The hard hitting that distinguished political life of old was tempered by epigrams, and even fun: all this seems to have disappeared; neither the Primrose Dames nor their fair antagonists are the cause of any pretty speeches. Nobody offers to light their pipes at their eyes, as in the case of the electioneering duchess, nor do they receive any encouragement to do so. Even the sister of serious Mr. Wilberforce, when canvassing for her brother at Hull, indulged in a pleasant stroke of humour: when his partisans shouted, "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" she replied, "I thank you, gentlemen, for your good intentions, but I do not wish to be 'Miss Wilberforce for ever!'" One would have voted for that young lady's brother, whatever were his politics. A canvasser of that kind would be worth a wilderness of caucuses; but the species seems to be extinct.

The Funeral Reform Society has always opposed itself, upon just grounds, to the shameful waste and expense of our burial system. The tyranny of custom is nowhere so powerful as among the poor, who often cripple themselves for months in order to provide a handsome funeral for their dead. He "rides in his carriage at last," who has never had that experience in his lifetime. The lavish expenditure indulged in on these occasions, though sometimes caused by mistaken views of affection, is more often the result of rivalry or the fear of opinion. There is no rank or class from which the apprehensions of what "people may say" is absent. As for the sombre and mournful pageant itself, as the President of the Wesleyan Conference justly put it, "If we were a heathen people, possessing a religion without any element of hope for the future, we could not deal with death in a more dismal and craven spirit."

That highly respectable club, the Athenæum, has been greatly reviled for its exclusiveness in having, at a late general meeting, rejected a proposition to admit strangers on the same terms as other clubs. It is not true that it does not admit strangers, but its invitations are slightly formal; it is not to be expected, nor would it be in accordance with propriety, that a member of that august institution should ask a cousin—even a male cousin—to drop into

lunch among the bishops. The cause of the public indignation, no doubt, arises from the fact that another club, hitherto equally exclusive, and its very near neighbour, has lately thrown open its doors to strangers. It is not, however, that the Athenæum prefers its room to their company, but simply that it has no room for them. If it had, it would surely not say "No!" Anyone who understands the subject perceives the great convenience of being able to ask a friend to lunch at his club. It has answered admirably at the Reform, though, being a political club, it would seem to have run greater risks than most; as, for example, that of being overrun by constituents. An ancient member of another institution which has recently relaxed its rules in this respect, but who, not being given to hospitality, voted against the proposition, confessed the other day that he had been wrong, in a very characteristic manner. "The thing works well, you see; for when you ask a fellow to lunch, why, he must go away afterwards about his business, or you can say you must go away about yours; but when he comes to dinner there is no knowing when you will get rid of him."

Some gentlemen have got into trouble on account of a too pronounced interest taken in the affairs of literary persons: it is even alleged that they have "conspired to defraud" them by means of bogus literary societies. It is quite possible they may emerge from the inquiry innocent as the driven snow, but even if they do not, they will have the sympathy of all humorists. The prosecution says that they invented not only certain remunerative employments (a very common effort of the commercial imagination), but titles of literary honour (as in China) and diplomas of merit. Those who were so fortunate as to join the society (a thing which could be effected by subscription) were entitled to put several initials after their names, which, as is well known, greatly increases the chances of acceptance of manuscripts with the editors of high-class magazines. Moreover, there was a hood and gown kept at the office for the conferring of degrees. A gold medal was also promised by the society for the writer of the best essay upon "Parasitical Journalism" (a touch worthy of Thackeray himself), only that was not kept at the office, nor has the most diligent investigation yet succeeded in discovering it. "If interested in ecclesiology," members were admitted by subscription, but without paying the entrance fee. What seems so amazing is that a genius capable of these strokes of humour should have wasted himself on this society, which does not appear to have been a flourishing one, instead of fighting for his own hand in the ranks of literature. One has certainly read nothing so funny in any professedly comic volume for many a day. If, unhappily, he should be condemned to a temporary seclusion, there is, surely, many a periodical—in want of a little "lifting"—where, on his emergence, so light a hand would be most welcome.

Competition, which is a very fine thing for the public, is not always advantageous to the competitors; and though it has often great influence upon intelligent minds, it still more strongly affects weak ones. But for competition the world would be the poorer by the absence of that noble rivalry in trustfulness, the "confidence trick"; and half the disgusting performances in the way of drinking and gluttony that defile our annals owe their being to the same cause. That men should make beasts of themselves for money is not surprising, but that they should do so to surpass others in thus degrading themselves is strange indeed; yet nothing is more common, especially in our mining and rural districts. To prove that one is a better trencherman than another, and still more a better liquor-swiller, is an ambition that has cost many lives—if not very valuable ones; but until the other day one never heard of men killing themselves by a surfeit of water. Three men, we are told, competed against one another at Argenteuil: the winner swallowed twelve quarts of water, the second nine, and the third seven quarts—and they all died in consequence. It was no great feat with some of our forefathers to swallow seven quarts of wine, and to derive no immediate hurt from it; and I am afraid that this unfortunate result will be quoted against the teetotalers. Without being given to intemperance, it really seems better—if one must perish in a drinking-bout—to swallow something worth drinking, just as Mr. Weller's friend, having resolved on leaving the world, took his fill of muffins, though he knew that they disagreed with him.

The subject of spirit photographers and spirit hand-writings has lately cropped up as though it were a new thing. Nearly a generation ago there was an exhibition of these interesting phenomena in Bond Street which gave me much satisfaction. I find it difficult in this world to discover anybody who writes more illegibly than myself, but these departed persons all beat me hollow in that respect. Whether they were writing prose or poetry, English or Sanscrit, it was impossible to discover. As to what they meant to tell us, there was no clue whatever. They might have been drawing leases for all we knew; and, indeed, their phraseology was so far legal, inasmuch that, in addition to its obscurity, it had no stops. Spiritual-minded persons described it as "thought waves," but to the ordinary eye it appeared to be the production of persons who had not only not mastered their "pothooks and hangers," but—to put it mildly—were under the influence of stimulants.

The ghost portraits were such as would have disgraced a threepenny photographer. A young gentleman of volatile disposition once said of Turner that "he painted nothing and very like," and this definition suited them admirably. As they were obviously not human beings, it was, perhaps, too hastily concluded by the faithful that they must be ghosts.

Photography has made great strides in the last twenty years, and ghost portraits have much improved; but one still wonders that in another, and let us hope a better, world, such inordinate vanity should still exist as to prompt persons whose appearance certainly does not "lend itself to illustration" to get photographed. The males particularly, to borrow a phrase from Madame de Staël, seem "to abuse men's privilege of being ugly." One lady who cannot be photographed, we are told, without her deceased father appearing in the background, whose counterfeit presentment I have had the privilege of seeing, is especially to be pitied. If communication with the spirit world really exists, it is amazing that she makes no remonstrance. The gentleman who is always accompanied by an unknown lady-ghost when he ventures to be photographed is, of course, without redress; but she, too, is what is vulgarly termed a "caution." What does not seem to strike these supernatural "sitters" is their discreditable conduct towards the photographer. They are not included in his bargain, which is to take a single portrait, not a double one; and one sees no reason why half-a-dozen deceased relatives should not repair to a studio and insist upon "a family group" being portrayed in addition to the original subject, and all for one shilling. To the sitter, too, these superfluous figures must in some cases be exceedingly embarrassing. A young gentleman who wishes to present his portrait to his "beloved object" can hardly do it if his deceased sister (or somebody he says is his sister) is to stand by him in a sheet. It would not be delicate, even if he did not arouse suspicions of his misconduct, for it is just the sort of trick that an unforgiving female ghost to whom one has not behaved well in her lifetime would be likely to play one. "You shall send your portrait to no young person," she may say to herself, "without me in it." It would be mere malice, for no blackmail could be derived from such persecution; but, then, some women are so malicious. It may be said, of course, "But surely no spirits would behave so"; yet it has been shown that they cheat the photographers. It is, therefore, evident that there are low spirits.

Someone has sent me a periodical called *Index to Book Reviews*; it is, no doubt, intended for the public that writes books, which nowadays must be a pretty large one. It gives the name and date of every newspaper and review which has "noticed" any recent work, but it omits to say whether they have noticed it favourably or otherwise. I believe there are some writers who greedily devour everything that is said about them, whether favourable or unfavourable, and who shrink only from silence, which they are of opinion by no means gives consent to their literary aspirations. The majority, however, do not enjoy vivisection; they can bear praise heroically, even when laid on with a trowel—nay, a spade; but the sort of criticism that takes the form of censure is abhorrent to them. If I might venture to give a word of advice to the proprietors of the new periodical, I would recommend them to put *g* and *b*, for "good" and "bad," before the reviews alluded to, or even *vg* and *vb* (in italics), so that their public may know not only what to read but what to avoid. Few persons seek the society of those whose opinions they know to be hostile to them; how much less, then, if they are unable to reply to them! It is true that some authors do reply to their critics, but they are generally very young. It is only in the nursery rhyme that the individual who has his eyes scratched out by the gooseberry-bush entertains the hope of getting the gooseberry-bush to scratch them in again.

In many a churchyard there is a broken column telling of high promise nipped in the bud by the cold hand of death. Over no grave could such a monument be placed with greater fitness than over that of Wolcott Balestier. An immense business capacity, united to a personal charm of manner which attracted even—I do not say his enemies, for he had none—but those whose interests were antagonistic to his own, was of itself a most unusual combination; but in addition to this he developed—in the little time the Fates allowed him—a very considerable literary faculty. That he should have written a novel in collaboration with his friend and contemporary, Rudyard Kipling, would have been a surprising feat enough for any young man, but for one engaged in business affairs it is little short of miraculous. A novel of his own is, I believe, to appear in the *Century Magazine*, and in the meantime we have a collection of short stories from his pen which of itself would have gone far to make a literary reputation. "The Average Woman" is described in three tales of a striking character. They are all American, but differ much from any stories laid in that country with which I am acquainted. They are in every sense original, but the middle one, "A Common Story," reminds one strangely, and not unfavourably, of Mrs. Gaskell. The character of the woman there described might have belonged to a Cranford spinster; but the wonder lies in the fact that it is drawn by a man—and a very young man—and not by a woman.



## HAMPSHIRE VIGNETTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADEMOISELLE IXE."

## VII.

In a tiny cottage living-room hangs a picture imprinted by a fierce sunlight than that which beats upon these English meadows. It depicts a cluster of graves in a foreign cemetery, on whose white stones we can detect the English names and verses; and foremost of all stands the monument erected, as the inscription tells, by the officers and men of one of her Majesty's ships to the memory of the young seaman who died of Malta fever, in his twenty-fourth year.

What it recalls first to most of us is the olive-skinned, dark-eyed little boy who, swayed by some strain of gipsy blood it may be, or in reaction against the sombre though kindly tone of a Methodist household in which he was the only child, bid fair to be the black sheep of the village, or, at least, the proverbial rolling-stone. However, after for some years scandalising the neighbours and disquieting his relations, one day he took a turn, as the Scotch say, and started upon a new track. With determination written in his face and sounding in his step, he walked up to what, in his eyes, was a big house, rang the bell, and asked to see "Miss Elizabeth." Standing very erect before her, and stiff with resolution as much as with shyness, he professed his desire to join her Majesty's Navy. He received encouragement and directions, and called once more to say good-bye and tender his thanks on his way to the training-ship.

After that, his career was smooth, prosperous, and, above all things, steadfast. From time to time he appeared in the valley, looking swarthier than ever, as well as bigger, in his coarse blue jersey or coat with the shining buttons. Afterwards, these visits ceased, and the postman brought to his home, instead, letters that had travelled days, and even weeks, to reach it—letters dated and stamped with mysterious names, which the recipients could not decipher, of places to them unknown and unconceivably distant. Simpler epistles were never written by the pen of a most unready writer, saying little save that he was well, that he read his Bible as adjured to do, that he sent kind greetings to friends and neighbours, that there had been a great storm, that the heat was terrible, that the captain had been pleased with him; and yet they afforded that exquisite delight, they had even about them that atmosphere of suggestion for which the artist labours. As "Miss Elizabeth" read them aloud beside the cottage chimney corner, the miniature horizon of the listeners widened, and to herself came glimpses of wild seas and foreign harbours, with a fleeting perception of that continual strain of heart-strings which is part of the cost of a world-wide Empire.

But the day of greatest triumph to all concerned was that of his return after a long voyage. When, grown impressively tall, and even handsome in the dress of a full-blown bluejacket, he walked down the village street, on Sunday afternoon, with a train of its admiring youth behind him, he was a person with whom one felt proud to be on bowing, far more speaking, terms.

And yet, as remembered at this, his best, he was by no means the traditional tar, jovial if not rollicking. The unforeseen result of his training had been to refine as well as to develop him. Quite as noticeable as the courtesy of his manner was its quiet self-possession. In his fine eyes there was even a shade of pensiveness; but, perhaps, as he was then engaged to be married, no less a master than Love himself was giving the finishing touches to this education. Finishing so far as this life is concerned, for during his next long voyage the look-for letters failed, and after a long, inexplicable pause came one from the far South, in a stranger's handwriting, with the news that this brief career was over—cut short by that invisible foe who, more persistently than bullet or blade, thins the ranks of our two great armies. Later was sent the photograph of his grave, that inartistic record of an unpicturesque scene, that graceless presentation of a fact full of grace. For when we remember by whom, as well as to whom, the pile was raised, that everyone from the captain to the shipboy gave, as it were, his stone to the cairn, that it stands a memorial not only of what was lovable in the lad himself, but of what was loving and reverent in his shipmates, of that tenderness which, as Dibdin long ago sang to us, goes hand in hand with the highest daring, of all, in fact, that makes the typical English sailor the darling of the English heart—why, then we feel that the end of our sailor's poor little story is not such a lame and impotent conclusion after all.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE CZARINA.

Modern professors of statecraft are pedantically addicted to the ungraceful maxim that intimate family connections between reigning Houses are, in this age, of no possible value as an influence tending to preserve the peace of nations. But we cannot discern any substantial reason why the present amicable relations between the British Empire and the Russian Empire, which occupy entirely different regions of Asia, should be again interrupted within the lifetime of those already born, since the European interest of the so-called "Eastern Question," to which alone the Crimean War of 1854 was due, has shifted of late years into a totally new position. But although the two illustrious sisters, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, are women possessing with all the other virtues of their sex the amiable characteristic of *not* being great politicians, it is reassuring to know that they *are* sisters, and that it must always be their wish, as it is ours, to mitigate every fit of political jealousy, mis-



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER SISTER, THE CZARINA, AT COPENHAGEN.

From a New Photograph.

taken suspicion, or hasty offence, which could disturb the tranquillity of these great nations. The recent family meeting in Denmark, when their parents, King Christian IX. and Queen Louise, celebrated a happy golden wedding, brought these royal ladies together; and at Smidstrupgaard, a château belonging to their brother, the King of Greece, their portraits were taken by the photographer Danielsen, of Copenhagen.

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOR CHILDREN.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of supporters of Dr. T. J. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children was held on Wednesday, June 22, in the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington. This beneficent institution, with forty-eight branches, is now affording shelter, nourishment, and instruction to 4500 boys and girls; it claims to have rescued, since its establishment, over 19,000 children from destitution, neglect, cruelty, and immoral influences. In the past year, seven new receiving-houses, at Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Plymouth, and Bath, have been opened; a new mission-centre, the Earl Cairns Hall, at Limehouse; a children's lodging-house in Commercial Road; twenty-three new centres for boarding-out children; and on June 25 the village home for girls, at Barking-side, near Ilford, was opened. At the meeting in the Royal Albert Hall, Lord Kinnaid presided. A number of

boys and girls from the homes were brought to show their healthy and intelligent faces; the boys performed some drill exercises and gymnastic feats with very satisfactory effect.

## MIDDLESEX AGAINST NOTTS AT LORD'S.

The cricket match at Lord's ground, from Monday, June 20, to Wednesday, June 22, between the counties of Middlesex and Nottingham excited much interest day after day. Shrewsbury, one of the Nottinghamshire eleven, held the wicket eight hours and a half, scoring 212 runs, of which seventeen were in fours, eight in threes, and twenty in twos; but he was finally caught out by Phillips. This was on the Tuesday, when the Nottinghamshire batsmen ended their first innings with a score of 466. The Middlesex team made 195 in their first innings, and 257 in their second innings on the concluding day, Mr. A. E. Stoddart getting 130; but when time was up the victory remained with the Nottinghamshire side.

## NEW OXFORD HOUSE, BETHNAL GREEN.

On Thursday, June 23, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught opened the new buildings of the Oxford University Mission to East London at Bethnal Green, which comprises a Gothic chapel, apartments for twenty-one residents, a library, class-rooms and offices, and a five-court, erected at a cost of £9700, besides £2000 for the site. The Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, head of the House, the Warden of All Souls' College, and other members of the Council at Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and several other bishops, received his Royal Highness, who congratulated the founders of this institute upon its successful working. He considered it a sound practical effort to encourage "all that can make life happier, more cheerful, and more useful."

## ROYAL GUESTS

## AT WARWICK CASTLE.

The Earl and Countess of Warwick, in their noble castle on the English classic banks of the Avon, during the Royal Agricultural Society's show in their park, entertained three Royal Highnesses—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Lord Leigh, a Warwickshire neighbour, Lord Lieutenant of that county, the Earl of Feversham, last year's president of the society, the Marquis of Hertford, and Lady A. Lennox were among the visitors; also the Hon. C. R. Dibbs, Special Finance Commissioner of New South Wales. Our illustration, from a photograph by Mr. P. L. Graham, of Leamington, represents this company gathered around their noble host and hostess, with Lord Brooke, the eldest son, just come home from Australia, Lady Brooke, the Ladies Greville, and others of the family at Warwick Castle.

## THE DUDLEY SALE.

However we may regret the dispersal of any collection of pictures which has obtained a widespread reputation, the stronger feelings with which we might view the loss of an historic gallery are not aroused by the sale of the late Earl of Dudley's pictures. They were the results of his own personal taste, which he spared no pains or expense to gratify. It is, perhaps, a matter of surprise that for pictures purchased in so free

and even reckless a fashion his executors should have been able, after a lapse of years and with the changes of taste, to realise such high prices. It would be difficult for those who are not actually acquainted with the prices given for the whole ninety-one pictures to say whether they cost the late Lord Dudley more than £101,320—the result of the sale. Lord Ward, as he then was, began collecting at an early period, and was travelling in Italy when the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, who had shared with other members of the Bonaparte family a taste for picture "collecting"—and that of Count Bisenzio, a Roman Senator of old family—were finally broken up. By far the most important work in the Fesch Gallery was Raphael's "Crucifixion." Raphael at the time was still a pupil in Perugino's studio, and scarcely more than seventeen years of age—that is about the year 1500.

It will be a matter of general regret that Sir Frederick Burton was unable to secure for the National Gallery a specimen of the early Netherlands school—the companion shutter of a triptych to that belonging to Lord Northbrook. The funds at his disposal did not allow him to advance much beyond 3000 guineas, and it was finally adjudged to Messrs. Vokins at £3570. The most instructive lesson to be learnt from this important sale is that first-rate pictures, whether of the Italian or Netherlands school, still command prices which rise in proportion with the general increase of wealth in this and other countries.





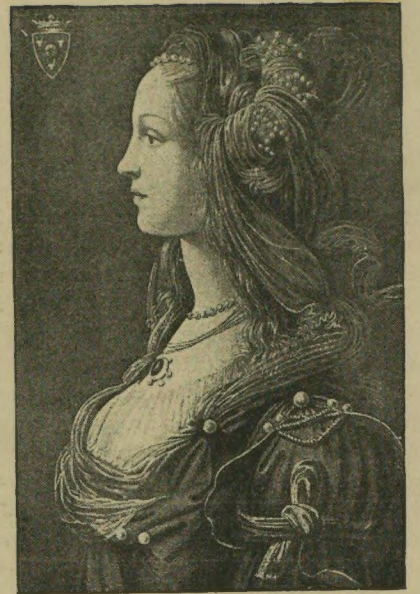
"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, WITH ST. JOHN."  
LORENZO DI CREDI.  
Purchased by Lord Dudley for 4000 guineas;  
sold for 2400 guineas.



"OLD WOMAN AND BOY."—MURILLO.  
Sold for 1800 guineas.



"THE CRUCIFIXION."—RAPHAEL.  
Sold for 10,600 guineas.



"PORTRAIT OF LA SIMONETTA."  
FILIPPINO LIPPI.  
Sold for 1600 guineas.

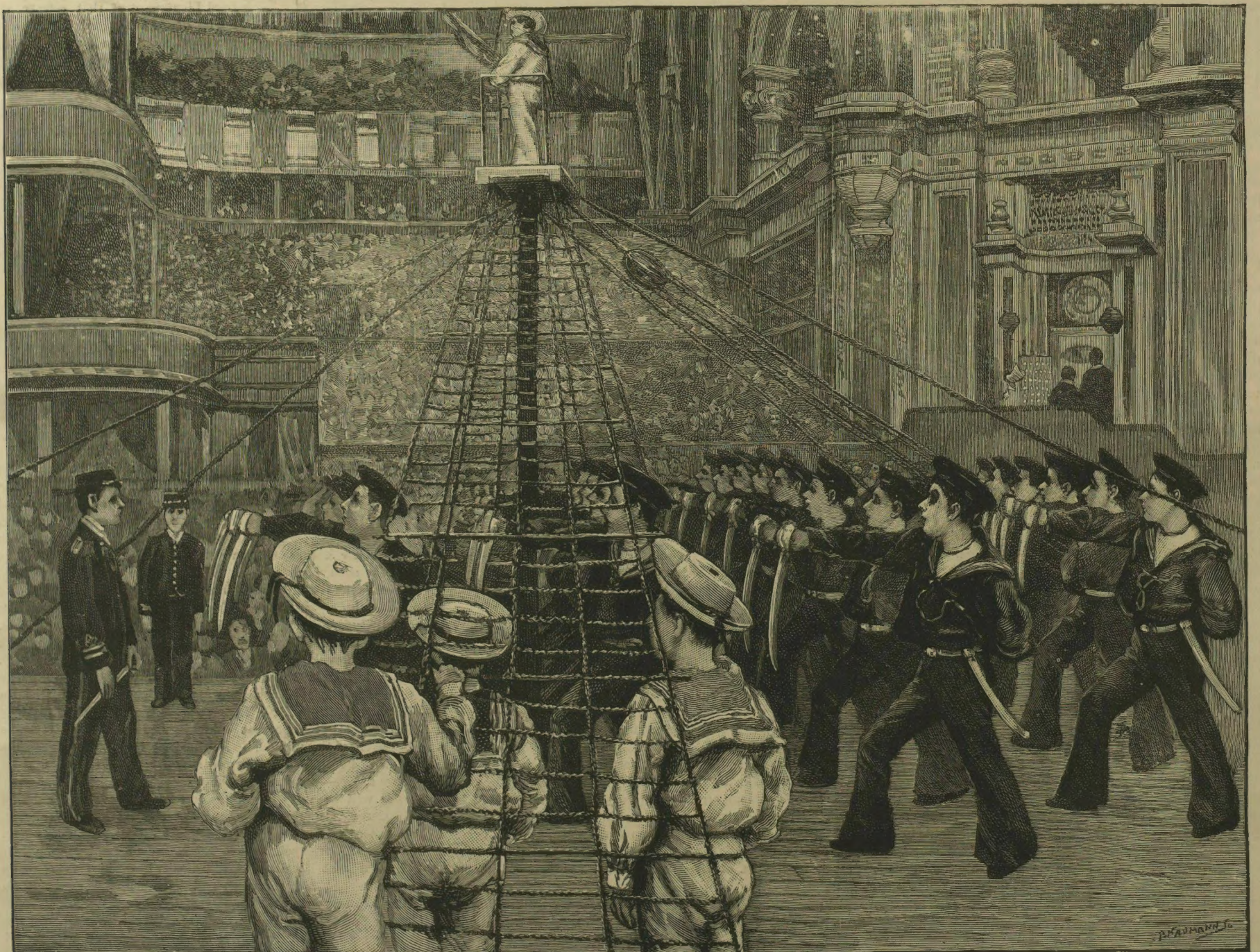


"PIETÀ."—ANDREA DEL SARTO.  
Sold for 945 guineas.

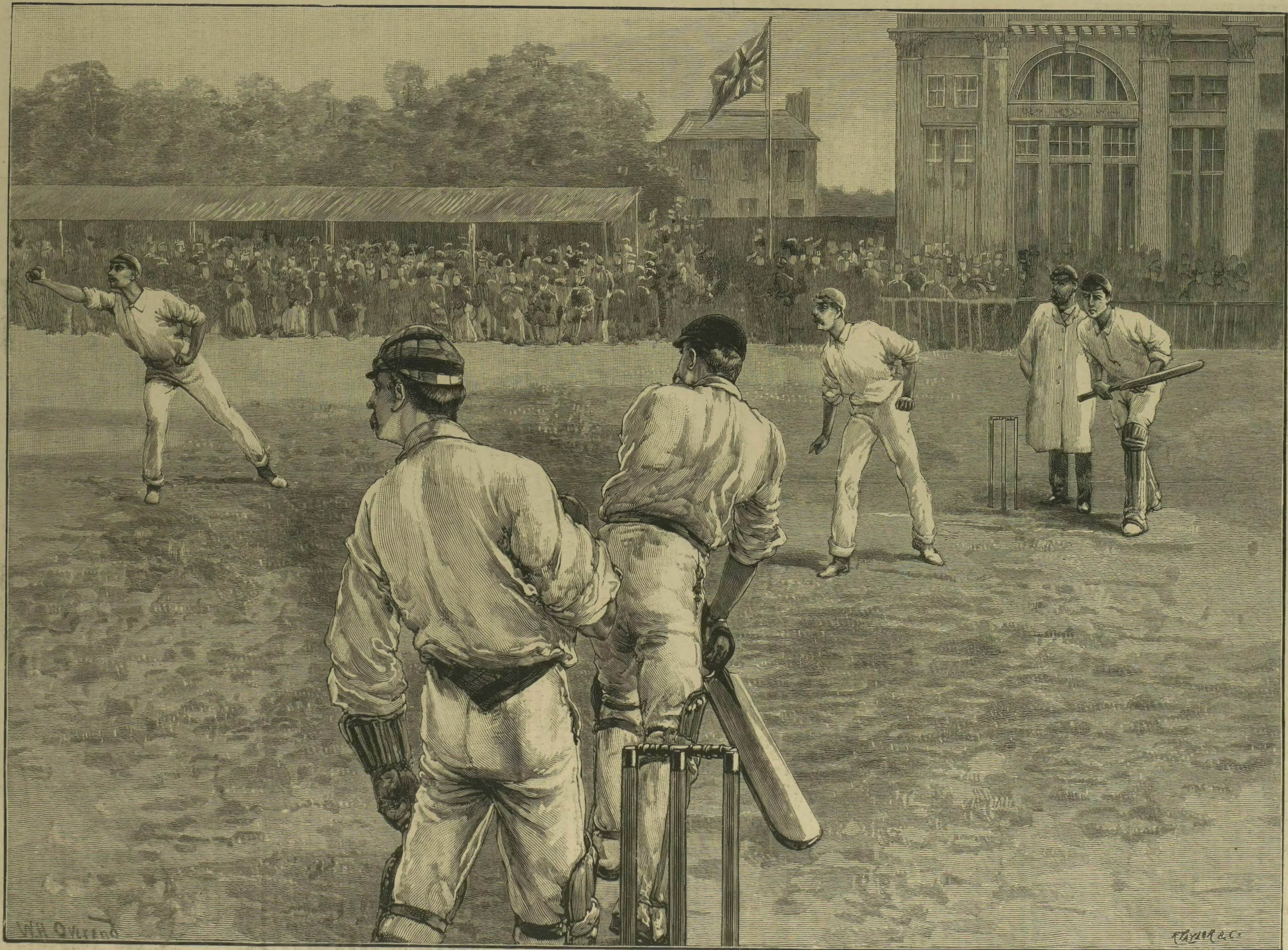


"THE LAST SUPPER."—GIOTTO.  
Sold for 270 guineas.

SALE OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY'S PICTURES.







CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S: MIDDLESEX V. NOTTS.—SHREWSBURY CAUGHT OUT BY PHILLIPS.



## PERSONAL.

His Majesty the King of Roumania, whose nephew, Prince Ferdinand, heir to the Crown, is betrothed to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, arrived in England on Monday, June 27, on a visit to our Queen, accompanied by his brother, Leopold, Prince of Hohenzollern. He was met at Charing Cross station by the Prince of Wales and Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, and by Lord Henniker, the Queen's Lord-in-Waiting, who conducted his Majesty to Buckingham Palace. He dined with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Clarence House, and went to the opera, which was "Lohengrin." Next day his Majesty went to Windsor Castle, where he was received by Queen Victoria. King Charles, Karl, or Carol I. of Roumania was born April 20, 1839, son of the late Prince Karl of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; in 1866 he was elected "Domnol," or Lord of Roumania, comprising the united Danubian Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, previously ruled by Prince Alexander John Couza, in feudal dependency on the Turkish Empire. In consequence of the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, Roumania became an independent kingdom; and the Hohenzollern Prince was proclaimed King on March 26, 1881. The Queen of Roumania, who was Princess Elizabeth of Newwied, is the accomplished lady known as "Carmen Sylva" by her literary productions. Their Majesties have no children.

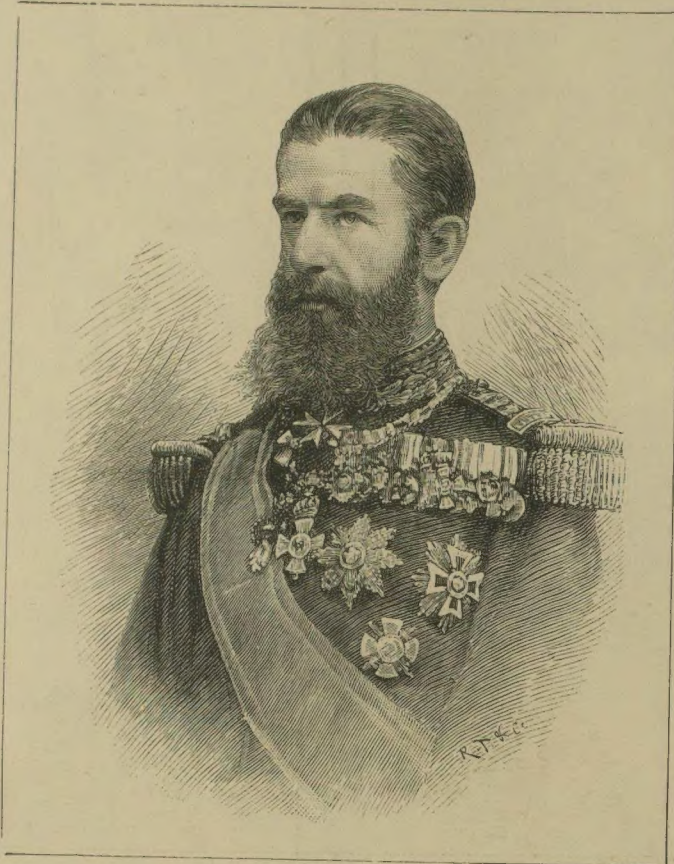
The Milanese editor Ulrico Hoepli, following the example set by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, invited a hundred leading men of Italy to give their opinions as to what they hold to be the hundred best books in Italian literature, with a special view to the use of students and young people. The results have been issued in a book, which forms amusing as well as instructive reading. Thus, one man, Leopoldo Pulle—the name deserves to be recorded as an instance of almost childlike and ingenuous vanity—the writer of some graceful but by no means eminent poems and plays, naively recommends nothing but his own works, which he says he can conscientiously recommend as good and moral literature. Turning to more serious writers, it is curious to find that Manzoni receives more votes than Dante, that Leopardi carries off more than double the votes given to Tasso, and that among foreign writers recommended to the reading of youth, Darwin's name—in translation, of course—figures invariably, and not infrequently that of Herbert Spencer. The publisher has annexed to the volume a valuable bibliographic appendix, which forms a true *volume mecum* to Italian literature, which should be useful to all students of that tongue.

Last week the families to whom belong the two most picturesque seats in the west or, perhaps, in any part of England became connected by marriage. The bridegroom, Major the Hon. John T. St. Aubyn, is the eldest son of Lord St. Levan, till comparatively recently better known as Sir John St. Aubyn, whose ancient home, St. Michael's Mount, near Penzance, is about a quarter of a mile from the mainland, and may be reached by a rough road during a third of the day. The ancient castle and beautiful chapel are on the very summit of the mount, and the gardens are lovely, with all the luxuriant products of the mild Cornish climate. Land and sea present an exceptionally splendid panorama from the windows of the mansion. Tradition points to St. Michael's Mount as the first place to which Christianity was brought in this country. The bride is Lady Edith Edgecumbe, youngest daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, and owner of that other West-country mount, Mount Edgecumbe, in Devonshire, which occupies, with its fine Elizabethan mansion and magnificent gardens and park, the whole of the peninsula between Hamoaze and Plymouth Sound, and covers an extent of ground more than three miles in circumference.

The gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, in Regent's Park, were on Wednesday, June 22, enlivened by the annual parade of vehicles with floral and other pretty or fanciful decorations, but on a still prettier miniature scale, restricted to children, whose mothers, grown-up sisters, aunts, and friends, assisted by the gentlemen of their families, actively superintended each beautiful little equipage. There were thirty-two entries competing for the prizes given by the society, which were distributed by a great German lady allied to the English royal family—namely, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The prizes were adjudged by Sir Augustus and Lady Harris. The parade up the broad path from the entrance gate to the conservatory was headed by the juvenile pipers and fifers of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. It was a charming spectacle, witnessed by a large company of visitors.

The death of Sir William Aitken, Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School at Netley, occurred on June 27, at Woolston, Southampton, in his sixty-seventh year. He was born in Dundee, April 23, 1825, and received his education in the High School there. He matriculated in the University of Edinburgh, and took his degree as Doctor of Medicine in 1848, and soon after obtained the appointment of Pathologist in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. During the Russian War he volunteered for service in the Turkish hospitals, and the Secretary of State for War gave him a special commission to investigate the nature of the diseases from which the troops were then suffering at Scutari. The result was considered to be of so much importance that the report was presented to Parliament, and soon after his return to England he was gazetted as

Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School at Netley, as successor to the late Dr. Parkes. He had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. Sir William Aitken has been mainly occupied as a teacher, investigator, and writer on anatomy and pathology, although he has contributed largely to the science of medicine. He wrote the "Medical History of the War with Russia," "A Handbook of the Science and Practice of Medicine" (in which the use of the thermometer in determining the temperature of the body



CHARLES I., KING OF ROUMANIA.

in cases of fever was first propounded), "The Growth of the Recruit and the Young Soldier," and "On the Doctrine of Evolution in its Application to Pathology." He was greatly respected by his professional brethren, who regarded him as one of the soundest teachers in the vast domain of hygiene and pathology.

The Bishop of Shrewsbury, Sir Lovelace Stamer, Bart., who is about to resign the valuable living of Stoke-on-Trent, which he has held for more than thirty years, is the third holder of the title, which was conferred in 1809 on his grandfather, Sir William Stamer, who was twice Lord Mayor of Dublin. This gentleman displayed singular energy and intrepidity during the Irish rebellion, and commanded one of the regiments of Dublin yeomanry till the disbanding of the corps. His second term of office as chief magistrate of the Irish capital was served gratuitously, on account of the pecuniary embarrassments of the city treasury. The ancient family of Stamer is descended collaterally from the family of Lord Lovelace, of Hurley, Berks, which title became extinct early in the last century. Bishop Stamer, who is nearly sixty-three, will probably accept the living of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, where he will be able to devote himself more entirely to his work as Suffragan of Lichfield than is possible at present.

## MUSIC.

The grand festival performance of "Judas Maccabæus," given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, June 25, came as a timely reminder in the midst of the most Wagnerian season of recent years that the English public is still unswerving in its loyalty to the music and the traditions of George Frederick Handel. It is a strange trait in the character of the ultra-Wagnerite that he cannot conceive the possibility of loving any works besides those of his master unless, perhaps, it be four or five of the greatest out of the nine symphonies of Beethoven. London begins (chiefly because it is allowed the opportunity) to display a growing appreciation for "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and "Tristan und Isolde," and forthwith it is urged that the great city is at last emerging from a state of musical darkness never to return again to the loves and fancies of its period of ignorance and uncultivation. Impartial observers know better than this. They feel the possibility of taking delight in all the great masterpieces of art, whatever their design and character; for the history of musical progress demonstrates plainly enough that mere changes of style and developments of form do not necessarily entail the sacrifice of everything that has gone before. But after all there is nothing like a practical illustration for driving an idea home to the prejudiced understanding, and hence it is that we have welcomed as a timely proof of catholicity in English musical taste the remarkably successful Handelian celebration recently held at Sydenham.

Over twenty thousand persons attended the performance of "Judas," given upon the Handel orchestra under the watchful and experienced generalship of Mr. August Manns. The London contingent of the Handel Festival chorus has never distinguished itself more, and to say this is to avoid all necessity for criticising in detail the choral features of the occasion. Only on the Selection Day of the big triennial gathering or at an Albert Hall performance have such numbers as "Tune your harps," "Fall'n is the foe," "We never will bow down," or "See the conquering hero comes" been sung with such impressive grandeur of effect. All the fugal passages came out with remarkable clearness and precision, and the attack throughout was splendid. Of the solos, it is enough to say that they were in the hands of our "representative English quartet," Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, assisted by Madame Clara Samuelli and Mr. Maldwyn Humphries. To find these accomplished oratorio singers in company once more, and still in the full enjoyment of their artistic powers, was not the smallest pleasure of a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

Side by side with the triumph of Handel at the Crystal Palace, we continue our record of this memorable Wagner season at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. Wednesday, June 22, was devoted to the performance of "Das Rheingold," the work which, of all the four sections of the "Nibelungen" tetralogy, least easily bears separation from its companion music-dramas. It is here that the composer has sought to depict the original sources of the chain of troubles that ended in disaster for the gods of Walhalla. Dramatic interest can scarcely be said to exist in this simple series of incidents, beginning with Alberich's robbery of the shining treasure from the depths of the Rhine, and terminating with the ransom of the goddess Freia by payment to the giants Fasolt and Fafner of the entire Nibelungen hoard, including the mighty ring itself. But, despite much that is wearisome and monotonous in its various scenes, "Das Rheingold" yet contains a degree of musical picturesqueness and grandeur, and there is in the development of its characteristic themes such a marvellous exhibition of technical ingenuity and imaginative power that interest of a very substantial kind can be extracted from the work by any listener who has been initiated into the mysteries of Wagner's system. The personages of the drama are all more or less objectionable, but, with the exception of Wotan, they all have their amusing aspect, even to that solemn lady, Erda, who ascends from out of the ground in a garment of silvery gauze to warn Wotan that he had better part with every ounce of the "filthy lucre" stolen from Alberich.

Herr Mahler again contrived to win universal praise for a conscientious and highly artistic interpretation of the master's score. His band acquitted itself to perfection. Every rôle was in the hands of a first-rate artist, the chief honours of the performance being carried off by Herr Alvary as Loge, Herr Grengg as Wotan, Herr Lissmann as Alberich, and Herr Lieban as Mime.

We fear the glories of "Le Prophète" are departing. Not even with M. Jean de Reszke in the title-rôle, with Madame Deschamps-Jéhin in the part of Fidès for the first time here, or with Madame Mravina, M. Edouard de Reszke, M. Plançon, and other accomplished artists in the minor characters, did the grandest of Meyerbeer's spectacular operas excite a tithe of the interest when given at Covent Garden on June 25 that an ordinary revival of the work would have created twenty years ago. We shall not attempt to account for this—above all, by striving to depreciate the talents and the method of the composer. Madame Deschamps-Jéhin made a decided hit by her noble and touching impersonation of the Prophet's aged mother; but M. Jean de Reszke, although he sang with wonderful charm, was not in his best voice, and it was no surprise to find him unequal to the task of singing Lohengrin on the following Monday. His place on the latter occasion was unexpectedly filled by M. Van Dyck, who was compelled, however, to use the French text.



FLORAL PARADE AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The fifty-fourth anniversary of the Queen's coronation, which took place on June 28, 1838, was observed in London with the customary honours. From an early hour and at intervals during the day the bells of the principal City and West-End as well as several South London churches rang out merry peals. The Admiralty flag was hoisted over the Admiralty Offices in Whitehall, and the Royal Standard floated on the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall Yard, while flags were also hoisted on the towers of the royal churches of St. Margaret, Westminster, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, and on many other public and private buildings. The usual salutes were fired at the Horse Guards and the Tower of London by detachments of the Royal Horse Artillery and the Coast Brigade of Artillery. The day was observed as a holiday at the various Government stores and workshops in the Metropolis, and the training-ship of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, off the Temple Pier on the river Thames, was gaily decorated with bunting. The dockyard at Portsmouth was closed, the ships of war were dressed with flags, and at noon royal salutes were fired by the flagship and the garrison.

It is understood that the Queen will move the Court from Windsor to Osborne on July 16, and will remain there for the visit of the German Emperor during the first week in August.

The Prince of Wales entertained the King of Roumania, Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, and the Prince of Hohenzollern to dinner on June 28. Among others invited to meet them were Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and General Du Plat.

The Queen (says *Truth*) paid a number of farewell visits to the cottagers in the neighbourhood of Balmoral on the last day of her stay at the castle, and expressed herself as being very sorry indeed to leave Deeside, as she is never so well as at Balmoral, the bracing air of the district exactly suiting her constitution. The Queen, on the other hand, always gets jaded and generally out of sorts after a few weeks' residence at Osborne, as the Isle of Wight air is far too relaxing for her Majesty, and Osborne is a fearfully hot place in the summer. The Queen's residences in the Isle of Wight have been greatly curtailed of late years, and it is probable that the approaching residence of the Court at Osborne will not exceed five weeks.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Leiningen, visited Aldershot on June 27 and laid a memorial-stone for the new garrison church in South Camp, and afterwards reviewed the troops. Her Majesty was received by the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, and officers of the Headquarters Staff.

There were a large number of callers at Buckingham Palace on June 28 to pay their respects to the King of Roumania, including the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington, the Turkish Ambassador, the Russian Ambassador, the Italian Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador, the Netherlands, United States, Belgian, Portuguese, Persian, and Danish Ministers, the Swedish and Norwegian Chargé d'Affaires, the personnel of the German Embassy, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, and Lord Suffield.

The candidature of Mr. H. M. Stanley for North Lambeth offers an interesting illustration of the growing influence of women in politics, for Mr. Stanley's battle is virtually being fought by his wife. Mrs. Stanley makes the most successful speeches, her favourite theme being the superiority of her husband to any man in England. Mrs. Stanley seems too apt to forget that North Lambeth is on the Thames and not on the Congo, and her acquaintance even with the commonplaces of English politics is quaintly meagre.

An amusing episode is supplied by the electioneering rivalry of the Church Association and the English Church Union. The Association presses on its sympathisers the absolute duty of voting for no candidates who will not pledge themselves to a variety of measures designed to check the influence of Romanists in the Church of England. The E.C.U., anxious to present as strong a contrast as possible, advises its friends to use the utmost care not to menace any candidate or give him the idea that they will not vote for him unless his answers are satisfactory. This spirit of Christian meekness is as novel as it is edifying in the transactions of this eminently religious body.

The Labour Party is not making much of a figure, numerically speaking. There are about four-and-twenty candidates, thirteen of whom are supported by the Liberal associations. The remainder are standing independently, and threatening the loss of several seats to the Liberal Party. In this election, at all events, it is impossible for the Eight-Hours advocates to dictate terms to either of the English parties, lack of cohesion, as well as funds, making anything like a formidable organisation on advanced Socialist lines a thing of the tolerably remote future.

Lord Dufferin has been installed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports with all the quaint ceremonial prescribed by tradition. The Lord Warden remembered that he was also British Ambassador at Paris, and he chose this occasion for a most felicitous tribute to the Republic. This came with peculiar grace from the official whose duty it is to act as guardian of a considerable stretch of the coast which faces France, and it has naturally delighted the Parisians with its chivalrous courtesy.

An inquiry is being made into one of the most extraordinary crimes on record. Several girls in Lambeth met their death by poisoning, and a man named Neill is standing his trial for an alleged attempt to levy blackmail on a medical student whom he declared to be the poisoner. The development of the case throws a startling light on the antecedents of Neill, whose biography is coming in damaging chapters from various parts of the world.

Princess Margaret of Prussia, betrothed to a prince of Hesse, is the youngest sister of the German Emperor Wilhelm II., and youngest child of the late Emperor Frederick and of the Empress Victoria, Crown Princess of Great Britain. Her Royal Highness was born on April 22, 1872. Her brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, four years ago, married

Princess Irene of Hesse, third daughter of the late Grand Duke Louis IV. and of our Princess Alice, and thus a sister of the present Grand Duke.

Parliament was formally dissolved on June 28, and the country is now swept by the cannonade of oratory and election addresses. The most important of these documents have been issued by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone. The Prime Minister, departing from usage, has addressed his manifesto direct to "the electors of the United Kingdom." It is a powerful plea for the maintenance of the existing system in Ireland, on the ground that Home Rule would mean the handing over of Irish Protestants to "their ancient and unchanging enemies." Lord Salisbury believes that an Irish Parliament would proceed forthwith to ruin the industries and liberties of the Protestant Ulstermen. He is also of opinion that only an "impartial" British Government can keep the peace between "two intensely hostile sections," the smaller of which would otherwise be abandoned to "the unrestrained despotism" of the larger.

This appeal echoes the rhetoric of the Belfast Convention, and asserts the principle that a subordinate Parliament in Ireland, with a strictly defined and delegated authority, would set all restrictions at defiance, and apply its energies at once to plunder and persecution. Mr. Balfour goes so far as to affirm that under such a Parliament the moonlighters and maimers of cattle would defy the law with impunity. These propositions are vigorously controverted by Mr. Gladstone both in his manifesto and in his speeches. The whole point lies in the question whether Catholic intolerance and wholesale lawlessness are the necessary results of a statutory Legislature in Dublin. Mr. Gladstone argues that the spirit of the majority may be inferred from the conspicuous absence of religious bigotry in the south and west of Ireland. Protestants are returned to Parliament by Catholic electors and appointed mayors of Catholic cities. The Dublin Corporation pays more



Photo by A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF PRUSSIA.

than half its salaries to Protestant officials, while the Belfast Corporation pays only £300 a year to two Catholics out of a total salary list of £8000.

Mr. Gladstone has so far devoted his energies to withstanding the religious argument of the Belfast Convention. He has pledged himself to explain to his constituents in Midlothian the "outlines" of his Home Rule scheme. At Chester he had a narrow escape from serious injury. Some woman threw a gingerbread nut at him with such violence that it made a painful wound, and caused inflammation in one of his eyes. In spite of this incident Mr. Gladstone immediately afterwards made a long speech with all his wonted vigour. The outrage has excited great indignation amongst all parties, and the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists have been as prompt and cordial in their expressions of sympathy as Mr. Gladstone's supporters. Happily, the veteran statesman has rapidly recovered from the effects of this brutality, which may charitably be supposed to have been the work of a lunatic.

Sentiment counts for much in our political struggles, and this incident has unquestionably increased the enthusiasm with which the Liberal leader is regarded by great masses of his countrymen. On the other hand, the Unionist chiefs are working with remarkable energy. Mr. Balfour has made a number of speeches in several constituencies, and the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goschen have been equally active. One of the most curious contributions to election literature is the address of Lord Randolph Churchill, who blesses his old colleagues, forgets his grievances against them, and prophesies a Unionist measure of Irish Local Government so "broad and generous" as to remove the last vestige of complaint from the sister island.

The electioneering calculations on both sides are pretty confident. Some member of the Government is reported to have predicted a Ministerial majority of fifty. This is scouted at the Liberal headquarters, where it is held that any Unionist majority at all is utterly impossible. The average expectation of the Opposition organisers is that Mr. Gladstone will have a majority of at least seventy, counting the Nationalist vote.

This would mean a Liberal minority in Great Britain, but it is hoped that the party will win a sufficient number of the doubtful seats to get a clear, if small, advantage in England, Scotland, and Wales. Should the Irish hold the balance of power, the situation will be full of difficulties for Mr. Gladstone, but it will also present a very grave situation to his opponents. If parties should be evenly balanced in England, how is the will of Ireland to be permanently resisted?

The rhododendron exhibition on the Victoria Embankment, from Messrs. John Waterer and Sons, Limited, of Bagshot, Surrey, has been open to the public the last three weeks, and it affords a very beautiful spectacle of colour. The temporary use of the ground upon which the plants are displayed has been granted by the Corporation, and an arrangement made by which Messrs. John Waterer and Sons hand the proceeds to the funds of the London Hospital. Many of the late kinds of rhododendrons are still in bloom and we strongly advise all who are lovers of this beautiful class of plants to visit the exhibition.

Continental politics, apt to doze at midsummer, contribute little worthy of remark during the past week. Prince Bismarck left Vienna much gratified by the goodwill of the citizens there, but had no interview with the Austrian Emperor. At Munich, on his way to the Kissingen Spa, he was entertained by the Burgomaster and municipality, on June 25, and made a speech commending German unity, friendship with Austria-Hungary, "peace at home and peace abroad." He was enthusiastically greeted in passing through Augsburg next day. It is reported that he has talked very freely of his exclusion from the Emperor's favour, blaming the present German Administration and policy, but has said that he does not think of ever returning to an active part in affairs of State.

But an organ of the Berlin Imperial Government, the *North German Gazette*, utters an ominous warning to Prince Bismarck, who is exhibited as "a statesman of heroic stature, now devoting himself to the task of pulling down the edifice he has done so much to build, because, forsooth, he is no longer in charge of it." The ex-Chancellor's "ever-growing recklessness" may compel the Government to deal with him; for "no one knows the weapons he is ready to use; no one can measure the extent of the harm which Prince Bismarck is prepared to inflict on his country." This points to an impending official prosecution, which would be an awful scandal; it may possibly be averted.

The only notable French incident is another fatal duel in Paris. Captain Meyer, an officer in the army, who was a Jew, being insulted, with his co-religionists, by the Marquis de Morès, a fanatical Anti-Semite, fought him with the sword, was wounded in the chest, and died next day, June 23. M. de Morès was arrested, but has been released without bail. The immediate dispute arose from the publication of documents concerning the previous duel between M. Lamase and Captain Foa, the second of the latter combatant on that occasion having been Captain Meyer. There is an evident conspiracy of military bullies to drive all Jewish officers out of the army. In the Chamber of Deputies, on June 27, M. Cluseret, one of the Communist leaders in 1871, brought in a Bill to punish duelling with three or six months' imprisonment, reviving a proposal made by Bishop Freppel some years ago. Another Bill for this purpose has been introduced by M. Lecomte in the Senate.

Ravachol, the Anarchist dynamiter, and murderer of several persons for purposes of mere robbery, has been sentenced to death by the Criminal Court of the Lyonnais. His real name is Königstein, and his father was not a Frenchman. His accomplices, Beala and the girl Mariette Soubère, were acquitted of the murder at Chambles, but are still under sentence of imprisonment for other crimes.

The French West African military preparations against Dahomey seem to be progressing. In the meantime, the enemy threatens an attack on Kotonou, and the boat navigation of the lagoon is impeded.

Russia has to deal with a fresh internal trouble—the cholera, which has broken out in the regions of the Caspian, Black Sea, and Caucasus, having probably been imported by the railway traffic from Bokhara and Samarcand. It is feared that trade will be stopped at Astrakhan, and there are rumours that the great annual fair of Nijni Novgorod will not be held. The harvest prospects of this year in some provinces of European Russia are bad, and dearth is again expected.

The King and Queen of Italy have returned from their visit to the German Emperor at Potsdam, stopping on their way at Dresden and Frankfurt and at Homburg, where they met the Empress Frederick, and congratulated her on the approaching marriage of her youngest daughter.

A general strike of all the telegraph operators in Spain has caused much inconvenience to business, added to the continued strike of miners and factory hands, in the northern provinces. The telegraph working, however, is now resumed. The Spanish Government has been obtaining large financial assistance from a tobacco monopoly company, whose advances will now be converted into a share of the permanent National Debt.

A landslip on the side of Monte Sasso, in the Apennines, overhanging the railway from Florence to Bologna, fell upon a small hamlet on June 24, killing some of the inhabitants and grievously hurting many others.

The two opposed political conventions, of the Republican and of the Democratic Party, respectively, in the United States, having nominated General Benjamin Harrison, for the Republican Party, and Mr. Grover Cleveland, for the Democratic candidate, to be elected President in November, seem to have accomplished their work. Neither party is decidedly committed to the policy of a free coinage of silver currency. The issue between them is professedly that of a protective tariff for American manufactures or free trade; the Democratic party mostly denouncing the protectionist system as a fraud, and declaring that the Federal Government ought to levy no tariff duties except for the sake of needful revenue. The workmen's strike in the Pennsylvania iron trade is not yet terminated. There was a railway collision at Harrisburg, in that State, on June 25, by which ten persons were killed.—X.



Captain Greville. Hon. Sidney Greville. Marquis of Hertford. Hon. C. R. Dibbs.  
Hon. Mrs. A. Greville. H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Earl of Warwick. Duke of York. Lady Eva Greville.



Lord Brooke. Prince Christian. Hon. Marjorie Greville. Lady Brooke. Hon. Guy Greville. Countess of Warwick. Lady A. Lennox. Lord Leigh. Lord Feversham.

THE ROYAL PARTY AND OTHER GUESTS AT WARWICK CASTLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. L. GRAHAM, LEAMINGTON SPA.



OPENING OF THE NEW OXFORD HOUSE, BETHNAL GREEN.





# UMA; OR THE BEACH OF FALESÁ. (BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A SOUTH-SEA TRADER.)

By  
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## CHAPTER I.

### A SOUTH SEA BRIDAL.

I SAW that island first when it was neither night nor morning. The moon was to the west, setting, but still broad and bright. To the east, and right amidships of the dawn, which was all pink, the day-star sparkled like a diamond. The land breeze blew in our faces, and smelt strong of wild lime and vanilla: other things besides, but these were the most plain; and the chill of it set me sneezing. I should say I had been for years on a low island near the line, living for the most part solitary among natives. Here was a fresh experience; even the tongue would be quite strange to me; and the look of these woods and mountains, and the rare smell of them, renewed my blood.

The captain blew out the binnacle lamp.

"There!" said he, "there goes a bit of smoke, Mr. Wiltshire, behind the break of the reef. That's Falesá, where your station is, the last village to the east; nobody lives to windward—I don't know why. Take my glass, and you can make the houses out."

I took the glass; and the shores leaped nearer, and I saw the tangle of the woods and the breach of the surf, and the brown roofs and the black insides of houses peeped among the trees.

"Do you catch a bit of white there to the east'ard?" the captain continued. "That's your house. Coral built, stands high, verandah you could walk on three abreast: best station in the South Pacific. When old Adams saw it he took and shook me by the hand. 'I've dropped into a soft thing here,' says he. 'So you have,' says I, 'and time too!' Poor Johnny! I never saw him again but the once, and then he had changed his tune—couldn't get on with the natives, or the whites, or something; and the next time we came round there, he was dead and buried. I took and put up a bit of a stick to him: 'John Adams, *obit* eighteen and sixty-eight. Go thou and do likewise.' I missed that man. I never could see much harm in Johnny."

"What did he die of?" I inquired.

"Some kind of sickness," says the captain. "It appears it took him sudden. Seems he got up in the night, and filled up on Pain-Killer and Kennedy's Discovery. No go!—he was booked beyond Kennedy. Then he had tried to open a case of gin. No go again!—not strong enough. Then he must have turned to and run out on the verandah, and cap-sized over the rail. When they found him, the next day, he was clean crazy—carried on all the time about somebody watering his copra. Poor John!"

"Was it thought to be the island?" I asked.

"Well, it was thought to be the island, or the trouble, or something," he replied. "I never could hear but what it was a healthy place. Our last man, Vigours, never turned a hair. He left because of the beach—said he was afraid of Black Jack and Case and Whistling Jimmie, who was still alive at the time, but got drowned soon afterward when drunk. As for old Captain Randall, he's been here any time since eighteen-forty, forty-five. I never could see much harm in Billy, nor much change. Seems as if he might live to be Old Kafoozleum. No, I guess it's healthy."

"There's a boat coming now," said I. "She's right in the pass; looks to be a sixteen-foot whale; two white men in the stern sheets."

"That's the boat that drowned Whistling Jimmie!" cried the captain; "let's see the glass. Yes, that's Case, sure

enough, and the darkie. They've got a gallows bad reputation, but you know what a place the beach is for talking. My belief, that Whistling Jimmie was the worst of the trouble; and he's gone to glory, you see. What'll you bet they ain't after gin? Lay you five to two they take six cases."

When these two traders came aboard I was pleased with the looks of them at once, or, rather, with the looks of both and the speech of one. I was sick for white neighbours after my four years at the line, which I always counted years of prison; getting tabooed, and going down to the Speak House to see and get it taken off; buying gin and going on a break, and then repenting; sitting in my house at night with the lamp for company; or walking on the beach and wondering what kind of a fool to call myself for being where I was. There were no other whites upon my island, and when I sailed to the next, rough customers made the most of the society. Now, to see these two when they came aboard was a pleasure. One was a negro, to be sure; but they were both rigged out smart in striped pyjamas and straw hats, and Case would have passed muster in a city. He was yellow and smallish, had a hawk's nose to his face, pale eyes, and his beard trimmed with scissors. No man knew his country, beyond he was of English speech; and it was clear he came of a good family and was splendidly educated. He was accomplished too; played the accordion first-rate; and give him a piece of string or a cork or a pack of cards, and he could show you tricks equal to any professional. He could speak when he chose fit for a drawing-room, and when he chose he could blaspheme worse than a Yankee boatswain, and talk smart to sicken a Kanaka. The way he thought would pay best at the moment, that was Case's way, and it always seemed to come natural, and like as if he was born to it. He had the courage of a lion and the cunning of a rat; and if he's not in hell to-day, there's no such place. I know but one good point to the man: that he was fond of his wife, and kind to her. She was a Samoa woman, and dyed her hair red—Samoa style; and when he came to die (as I have to tell of) they found one strange thing: that he had made a will, like a Christian, and the widow got the lot: all his, they said, and all Black Jack's, and the most of Billy Randall's in the bargain, for it was Case that kept the books. So she went off home in the schooner Manu'a, and does the lady to this day in her own place.

But of all this on that first morning I knew no more than a fly. Case used me like a gentleman and like a friend, made me welcome to Falesá, and put his services at my disposal, which was the more helpful from my ignorance of the natives. All the earlier part of the day we sat drinking better acquaintance in the cabin, and I never heard a man talk more to the point. There was no smarter trader, and none dodgier, in the islands. I thought Falesá seemed to be the right kind of a place; and the more I drank the lighter my heart. Our last trader had fled the place at half-an-hour's notice, taking a chance passage in a labour ship from up west. The captain, when he came, had found the station closed, the keys left with the native pastor, and a letter from the runaway, confessing he was fairly frightened of his life. Since then the firm had not been represented, and of course there was no cargo. The wind, besides, was fair, the captain hoped he could make his next island by dawn, with a good tide, and the business of landing my trade was gone about lively. There was no call for me to fool with it, Case said; nobody would touch my things, everyone was honest in Falesá, only about chickens or an odd knife or an odd stick of tobacco; and the best I could do was to sit quiet till the vessel left, then come straight to

his house, see old Captain Randall, the father of the beach, take pot-luck, and go home to sleep when it got dark. So it was high noon, and the schooner was under way before I set my foot on shore at Falesá.

I had a glass or two on board; I was just off a long cruise, and the ground heaved under me like a ship's deck. The world was like all new painted; my foot went along to music; Falesá might have been Fiddler's Green, if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there isn't! It was good to foot the grass, to look aloft at the green mountains, to see the men with their green wreaths and the women in their bright dresses, red and blue. On we went, in the strong sun and the cool shadow, liking both; and all the children in the town came trotting after with their shaven heads and their brown bodies, and raising a thin kind of a cheer in our wake, like crowing poultry.

"By-the-bye," says Case, "we must get you a wife."

"That's so," said I; "I had forgotten."

There was a crowd of girls about us, and I pulled myself up and looked among them like a Bashaw. They were all dressed out for the sake of the ship being in; and the women of Falesá are a handsome lot to see. If they have a fault, they are a trifle broad in the beam; and I was just thinking so when Case touched me.

"That's pretty," says he.

I saw one coming on the other side alone. She had been fishing. She was young and very slender for an island maid, with a long face, a high forehead, and a shy, strange, blindish look, between a cat's and a baby's.

"Who's she?" said I. "She'll do."

"That's Uma," said Case, and he called her up and spoke to her in the native. I didn't know what he said; but when he was in the midst she looked up at me quick and timid like a child dodging a blow, then down again, and presently smiled. She had a wide mouth, the lips and the chin cut like any statue's; and the smile came out for a moment and was gone. Then she stood with her head bent and heard Case to an end, spoke back in the pretty Polynesian voice, looking him full in the face, heard him again in answer, and then with an obeisance started off. I had just a share of the bow, but never another shot of her eye, and there was no more word of smiling.

"I guess it's all right," said Case. "I guess you can have her. I'll make it square with the old lady. You can have your pick of the lot for a plug of tobacco," he added, sneering.

I suppose it was the smile stuck in my memory, for I spoke back sharp. "She doesn't look that sort," I cried.

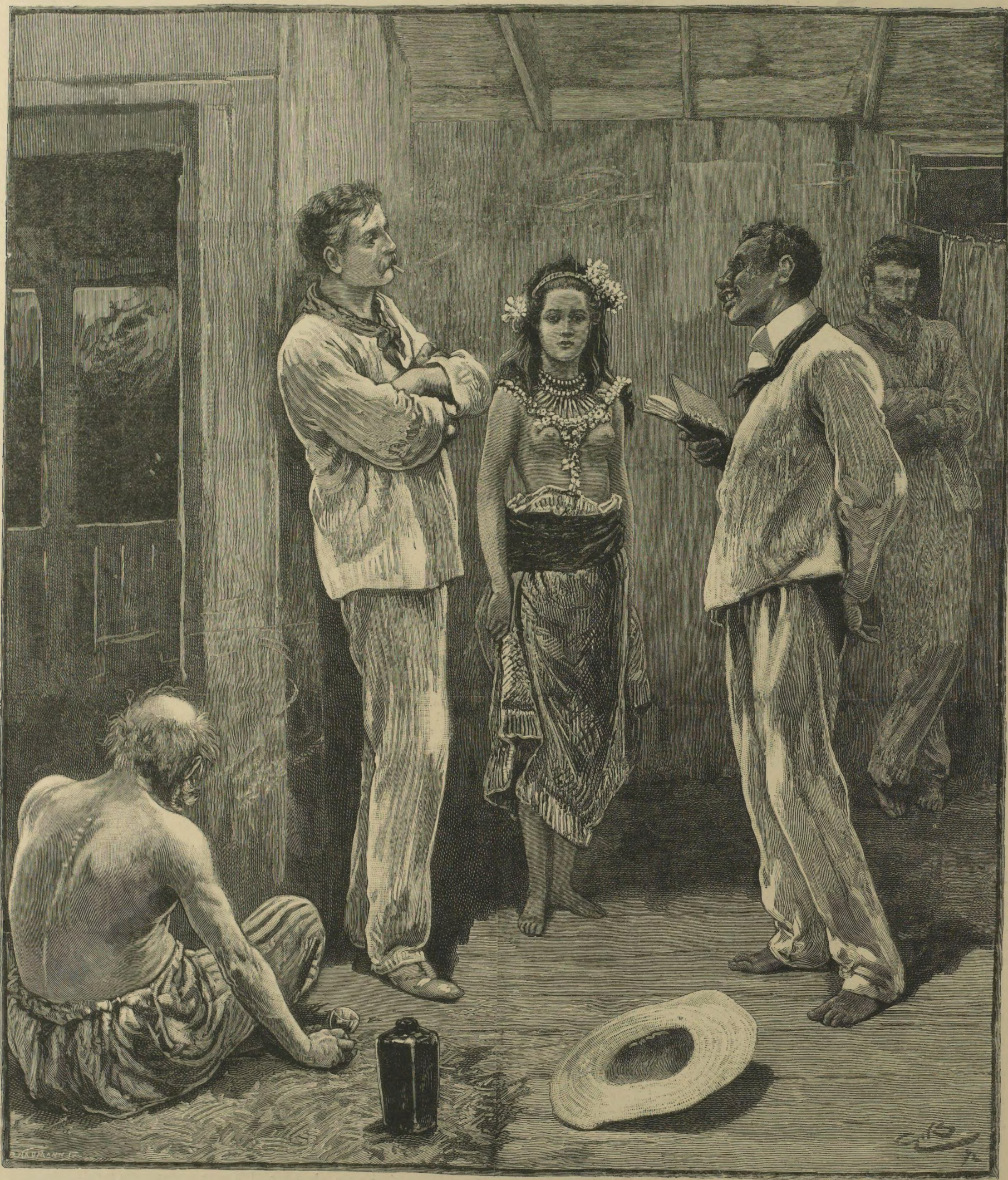
"I don't know that she is," said Case. "I believe she's as right as the mail. Keeps to herself, don't go round with the gang, and that. Oh, no, don't you misunderstand me—Uma's on the square." He spoke eager, I thought, and that surprised and pleased me. "Indeed," he went on, "I shouldn't make so sure of getting her, only she cottoned to the cut of your jib. All you have to do is to keep dark and let me work the mother my own way; and I'll bring the girl round to the captain's for the marriage."

I didn't care for the word marriage, and I said so.

"Oh, there's nothing to hurt in the marriage," says he. "Black Jack's the chaplain."

By this time we had come in view of the house of these three white men; for a negro is counted a white man, and so is a Chinese! A strange idea, but common in the islands. It was a board house with a strip of ricketty verandah. The





*Uma showed the best bearing for a bride conceivable, serious and still; and I thought shame to stand up with her in that mean house and before that grinning negro.*

stave was to the front, with a counter, scales, and the finest possible display of trade: a case or two of tinned meats; a barrel of hard bread, a few bolts of cotton stuff, not to be compared with mine; the only thing well represented being the contraband firearms and liquor. "If these are my only rivals," thinks I, "I should do well in Falesá." Indeed, there was only the one way they could touch me, and that was with the guns and drink.

In the back room was old Captain Randall, squatting on the floor native fashion, fat and pale, naked to the waist, grey as a badger, and his eyes set with drink. His body was covered with grey hair and crawled over by flies; one was in the corner of his eye—he never heeded; and the mosquitoes hummed about the man like bees. Any clean-minded man would have had the creature out at once and buried him; and

to see him, and think he was seventy, and remember he had once commanded a ship, and come ashore in his smart togs, and talked big in bars and consulates, and sat in club verandahs, turned me sick and sober.

He tried to get up when I came in, but that was hopeless; so he reached me a hand instead, and stumbled out some salutation.

"Papa's pretty full this morning," observed Case. "We've had an epidemic here; and Captain Randall takes gin for a prophylactic—don't you, papa?"

"Never took such a thing in my life!" cried the captain, indignantly. "Take gin for my health's sake, Mr. What's-ever-your-name: 's a precautionary measure."

"That's all right, papa," said Case. "But you'll have to brace up. There's going to be a marriage—Mr. Wiltshire here is going to get spliced."

The old man asked to whom.

"To Uma," said Case.

"Uma!" cried the captain. "Wha's he want Uma for? 's he come here for his health, anyway! Wha' 'n he want Uma for?"

"Dry up, papa," said Case. "'Tain't you that 's to marry her. I guess you're not her godfather and godmother. I guess Mr. Wiltshire's going to please himself."

With that he made an excuse to me that he must move about the marriage, and left me alone with the poor wretch that was his partner and (to speak truth) his gull. Trade and station belonged both to Randall; Case and the negro were parasites; they crawled and fed upon him like the flies, he none the wiser. Indeed, I have no harm to say of Billy Randall beyond the fact that my gorge rose at him, and the time I now passed in his company was like a nightmare.



The room was stifling hot and full of flies; for the house was dirty and low and small, and stood in a bad place, behind the village, in the borders of the bush, and sheltered from the trade. The three men's beds were on the floor, and a litter of pans and dishes. There was no standing furniture, Randall, when he was violent, tearing it to laths. There I sat and had a meal which was served us by Case's wife; and there I was entertained all day by that remains of man, his tongue stumbling among low old jokes and long old stories, and his own wheezy laughter always ready, so that he had no sense of my depression. He was nipping gin all the while. Sometimes he fell asleep, and awoke again whimpering and shivering, and every now and again he would ask me why in hell I wanted to marry Uma. "My friend," I was telling myself all day, "you must not be an old gentleman like this."

It might be four in the afternoon, perhaps, when the back door was thrust slowly open, and a strange old native woman crawled into the house almost on her belly. She was swathed in black stuff to her heels; her hair was grey in swathes; her face was tattooed, which was not the practice in that island; her eyes big and bright and crazy. These she fixed upon me with a rapt expression that I saw to be part acting. She said no plain word, but smacked and mumbled with her lips, and hummed aloud, like a child over its Christmas pudding. She came straight across the house heading for me, and, as soon as she was alongside, caught up my hand and purred and crooned over it like a great cat. From this she slipped into a kind of song.

"Who in the devil's this?" cried I, for the thing startled me.

"It's Faavao," says Randall, and I saw he had hitched along the floor into the farthest corner.

"You ain't afraid of her?" I cried.

"Me 'fraid!" cried the captain. "My dear friend, I defy her! I don't let her put her foot in here, only I suppose 's different to-day for the marriage. 's Uma's mother."

"Well, suppose it is; what's she carrying on about?" I asked, more irritated, perhaps more frightened, than I cared to show, and the captain told me she was making up a quantity of poetry in my praise because I was to marry Uma. "All right, old lady," says I, with rather a failure of a laugh, "anything to oblige. But when you're done with my hand you might let me know."

She did as though she understood; the song rose into a cry and stopped; the woman crouched out of the house the same way that she came in, and must have plunged straight into the bush, for when I followed her to the door she had already vanished.

"These are rum manners," said I.

"'s a rum crowd," said the captain, and to my surprise he made the sign of the cross on his bare bosom.

"Hillo!" says I, "are you a Papist?"

He repudiated the idea with contempt. "Hard-shell Baptis'" said he. "But, my dear friend, the Papists got some good ideas too; and th' 's one of 'em. You take my advice, and whenever you come across Uma or Faavao or Vigours, or any of that crowd, you take a leaf out o' the priests, and do what I do. Savvy?" says he, repeated the sign, and winked his dim eye at me. "No, Sir!" he broke out again, "no Papists here!" and for a long time entertained me with his religious opinions.

I must have been taken with Uma from the first, or I should certainly have fled from that house, and got into the clean air, and the clean sea, or some convenient river—though, it's true, I was committed to Case; and, besides, I could never have held my head up in that island if I had run from a girl upon my wedding night.

The sun was down, the sky all on fire, and the lamp had been some time lighted, when Case came back with Uma and the negro. She was dressed and scented; her kilt was of fine tapa, looking richer in the folds than any silk; her bust, which was of the colour of dark honey, she wore bare only for some half-a-dozen necklaces of seeds and flowers; and behind her ears and in her hair she had the scarlet flowers of the hibiscus. She showed the best bearing for a bride conceivable, serious and still; and I thought shame to stand up with her in that mean house and before that grinning negro. I thought shame, I say; for the mountebank was dressed with a big paper collar, the book he made believe to read from was an odd volume of a novel, and the words of his service not fit to be set down. My conscience smote me when we joined hands; and when she got her certificate I was tempted to throw up the bargain and confess. What a document it was! It was Case that wrote it, signatures and all, in a leaf out of the ledger.

A nice paper to put in a girl's hand and see her hide away like gold! A man might easily feel cheap for less. But it was the practice in these parts, and (as I told myself) not the least the fault of us white men, but of the missionaries. If they had let the natives be, I had never needed this deception, but taken all the wives I wished, and left them when I pleased, with a clear conscience.

The more ashamed I was, the more hurry I was in to be gone; and our desires thus jumping together, I made the less remark of a change in the traders. Case had been all eagerness to keep me; now, as though he had attained a purpose, he seemed all eagerness to have me go. Uma, he said, could show me to my house, and the three bade us farewell indoors.

The night was nearly come; the village smelt of trees and flowers and the sea and breadfruit-cooking; there came a fine roll of sea from the reef, and from a distance, among the woods and houses, many pretty sounds of men and children. It did me good to breathe free air; it did me good to be done with the captain and see, instead, the creature at my side. I felt for all the world as though she were some girl at home in the

old country, and, forgetting myself for the minute, took her hand to walk with. Her fingers nestled into mine, I heard her breathe deep and quick, and all at once she caught my hand to her face and pressed it there. "You good!" she cried, and ran ahead of me, and stopped and looked back and smiled, and ran ahead of me again, thus guiding me through the edge of the bush, and by a quiet way to my own house.

The truth is, Case had done the courting for me in style—told her I was mad to have her, and cared nothing for the consequence; and the poor soul, knowing that which I was still ignorant of, believed it, every word, and had her head high turned with vanity and gratitude. Now, of all this I had no guess; I was one of those most opposed to any nonsense about native women, having seen so many whites eaten up by their wives' relatives, and made fools of in the bargain; and I told myself I must make a stand at once, and bring her to her bearings. But she looked so quaint and pretty as she ran away and then awaited me, and the thing was done so like a child or a kind dog, that the best I could do was just to follow her whenever she went on, to listen for the fall of her bare feet, and to watch in the dusk for the shining of her body. And there was another thought came in my head. She played kitten with me now when we were alone; but in the house she had carried it the way a countess might, so proud and humble. And what with her dress—for all there was so little of it, and that native enough—what with her fine tapa and fine scents, and her red flowers and seeds, that were quite as bright as jewels, only larger—it came over me she was a kind of countess really, dressed to hear great singers at a concert, and no even rate for a poor trader like myself.

She was the first in the house; and while I was still with-



IN THE OLD DAYS: EMPEROR AND CHANCELLOR.

out I saw a match flash and the lamplight kindle in the windows. The station was a wonderful fine place, coral built, with quite a wide verandah, and the main room high and wide. My chests and cases had been piled in, and made rather of a mess; and there, in the thick of the confusion, stood Uma by the table, awaiting me. Her shadow went all the way up behind her into the hollow of the iron roof; she stood against it bright, the lamplight shining on her skin. I stopped in the door, and she looked at me, not speaking, with eyes that were eager and yet daunted; then she touched herself on the bosom. "Me—your wife," she said. It had never taken me like that before; but the want of her took and shook all through me, like the wind in the luff of a sail.

I could not speak, if I had wanted; and if I could, I would not. I was ashamed to be so much moved about a native—ashamed of the marriage too, and the certificate she had treasured in her kilt; and I turned aside and made believe to rummage among my cases. The first thing I lighted on was a case of gin, the only one that I had brought; and, partly for the girl's sake, and partly for horror of the recollections of old Randall, took a sudden resolve. I prized the lid off. One by one, I drew the bottles with a pocket corkscrew, and sent Uma out to pour the stuff from the verandah.

She came back after the last, and looked at me puzzled like.

"Why you do that?" she asked.

"No good," said I, for I was now a little better master of my tongue. "Man he drink, he no good."

She agreed with this, but kept considering. "Why you bring him?" she asked presently. "Suppose you no want drink, you no bring him, I think."

"That's all right," said I. "One time I want drink too much; now no want. You see, I no savvy I got one little wife. Suppose I drink gin, my little wife be 'fraid."

To speak to her kindly was about more than I was fit for; I had made my vow I would never let on to weakness with a native, and I had nothing for it but to stop.

She stood looking gravely down at me where I sat by the open case. "I think you good man," she said. And suddenly she had fallen before me on the floor. "I belong you all-e-same pig!" she cried.

(To be continued.)

## PRINCE BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

### AN INTERVIEW.

No perfume is sweeter than that of the pines when warm spring sunshine falls upon the tall forest spires. No woodland way is fairer than that which lies over crackling cones and yellow spikes and tangled heather. We in England have lost our forests. Germany is wiser and preserves hers. To the larger forests of Germany belong the Schwarzwald, the Thüringer Wald, the Fichtenwald; and to the smaller, Sachsenwald, in Lauenburg, for twenty years the property of Prince Bismarck. It is a comely estate, in the centre of which are the hamlet and the castle—or, better, château—of Friedrichsruh, and it lies but twenty miles east of Hamburg.

From the cluster of houses which adjoin the castle park a rich pine forest extends for miles in all directions. Here and there it is intersected by sandy highways and grassy byways and pleasant glades, that give the trees fit breathing-space. Except for the presence of a railway—for Friedrichsruh lies on the main line between Hamburg and Berlin—the spot would be one of ideal calm; and even with the iron way it is delectable and charming to look upon—one of those homes of sylvan beauty and tranquillity from which one is apt to draw the wholesome reminder that, whoever makes the big, black, smoky towns—man or devil—it was God who made the country. Truly it was a handsome gift, this great forest estate, for the Emperor William I. to hand over to his trusty Chancellor as his share in the French milliards.

My visit to Friedrichsruh was expected, so I had not long to wait when I reached the lodge, where strict watch and ward has perforce to be kept all day long by reason of the determined attentions of Prince Bismarck's numerous admirers.

If I had before had any doubt as to the ex-Chancellor's continued—and, indeed, increased—popularity, it would not have survived that day. Knots of men and women, youths and maidens, were gathered before the gates, or parading the adjacent roads, in the hope of catching a glimpse of their hero, and every minute eager questioners would demand, with bated breath, to be told if their quest had any chance of success. Two respectably dressed men had spent a holiday in travelling several hours to Friedrichsruh with the one object of looking on the Prince, and I was heartily sorry that, though they waited outside the gates all day, they had to return to their distant home disappointed. But, doubtless, they will try again.

"The Prince will be glad if you will join the family at breakfast."

It was noon, and the midday meal had just begun.

I am bound to say that the external appearance of the château, which I now entered, and in which so many famous men have been entertained since Bismarck became its tenant—Count Kalnoky, M. de Giers, Prince Orloff, Count Schouvaloff—is not prepossessing. The architecture is, indeed, extremely simple and unassuming. The Schloss would in England, at best, pass muster for the mansion of a well-to-do country gentleman. The fact is that the house was here before Bismarck came to the estate, and, though it was too small for his use, he preferred rather to mend than to end it. Hence a building of disparate style and unpretentious, both within and without.

But the park redeems the mansion. It is surrounded on two sides by a high brick wall, on two by plantations and hedges. Noble trees rise on every side, a broad stream flows sluggishly through the demesne, and there is a pretty lake fringed with willow and rush. Then the landscape derives greater charm from the presence within the park boundaries of several quaint cottages of the brick-and-wood kind so often found on the Rhine. Within the park the Prince now takes his daily walk, for he no longer roams at will through the surrounding forest as he used to do in stronger days.

As I entered the hall, mementoes of the Prince's recent birthday—in the shape of rows of plants gay with flowers, and still bearing the inscriptions of the donors—met the gaze. The rooms through which I passed are furnished with extreme taste, yet without a suggestion of luxury. Here are treasured some of the tokens of honour and favour and popularity which have been bestowed upon the Prince during the many years of his devoted service to Emperor, King, and Fatherland.

On many and various occasions, in the days of Prince Bismarck's ministerial career, it had fallen to my lot both to see and hear him. I had often listened to his oratory in the Reichstag; had witnessed the scenes of popular enthusiasm which had accompanied his public appearance in Berlin at times of national or political crisis; had seen him in all moods—in the hour of triumph and elation, in the hour of anxiety, storm, and stress. Now I was to see another phase of his life, another side of his character.

The Prince came forward and welcomed the in-comer heartily before he joined the family circle. With real disappointment I missed the familiar cuirassier uniform which used to set off the soldier-statesman's majestic form so well, and which has been preserved for us in portraits by Lenbach and Werner. Instead of this, he wore plain black clothes, the closely fastened long coat being surmounted by a spotless white cravat. Something of the old lustre was wanting in the veteran's eyes, those eyes which seemed capable, not long ago, of looking one through and through. But the figure



was the same as ever—erect, proud, stately, impressive. Prince Bismarck still answers to the description given of him years ago by a censorious French print—"that Colossus."

At table there sat, in addition to the Prince and the estimable lady who has been his consort for forty-five years, Count Herbert, Count William and the Countess, Lothar Bucher (once known as "Bismarck's right hand," and still a valued friend and confidant), the Prince's private secretary, and a neighbouring nobleman.

Yet, stay—there were two other guests who are never far from Bismarck's chair: the famous hounds. These splendid creatures, Tyras the Second and a fellow but little his inferior in massive build, shared the repast with the rest, and received whatever fell to their lot from the master's hands. The dining-room is not large, though lofty. It looks out upon the park, and the walls contain beautiful landscape paintings, local and other.

I was agreeably surprised to notice the Prince's robust appearance. If anyone imagines that the events of the last three years have injured his health and embittered his temperament, let his apprehension turn to wonder that he could have been so far misled. A passage from "Faust," which Bismarck several years ago threw at the heads of a party of admirers who had waylaid him at a railway station, has to-day peculiar interest—

Thank God each day,  
Rising from bed, that you have naught to say  
With governing this Roman Empire; I  
Greatly rejoice, and bless my stars therefor,  
I am not Emperor or Chancellor.

Long ago the Prince vainly yearned for "country, wood-

side, and laziness" as a *summum bonum*. Now he has his wish, and he was probably never happier, certainly never lighter-hearted.

"This leisurely life is strange to me," he remarked, "and I have found it difficult to get used to it. My life has been so busy—I have never before known what it is to be idle. My occupations now are light, and I take the days easily. I make no plans, but just act from impulse. My health is excellent, and I guard it by taking exercise. Every day I walk in the park. Yet I cannot go as far as formerly. Once I used to come home fresh after long tramping across country, now I am soon wearied. But I am no longer young."

Here the Prince had a passing thrust at the English tourist as he is known abroad.

"Does he still exist—the English tourist of thirty years ago? He used to chronicle his intended movements with scrupulous exactitude: 'On Monday evening, at six o'clock, I shall dine in Paris; on Wednesday noon I shall arrive in Vienna; at ten o'clock the next morning I shall be'—and so on. Good heavens! life would not be worth living if we had to foretell our destiny in that way."

Our conversation was mostly carried on in English, which the Prince spoke with facility, stumbling but seldom, and then only when the word needed was an uncommon one. He spoke with pleasure of his early reading of English literature; telling how he read Byron assiduously when leaving the 'teens, and how then he turned to Shakspeare and Moore, "I was always fond of Moore, especially of 'Lalla Rookh.' But he is not read much now. I fear he is getting out of date." The student of comparative biography will be interested to know that Bismarck has never read Carlyle's "Life of Cromwell"—the man of whom he is in many ways a nineteenth century counterpart. He has only read Carlyle's German works.

While we sat at table, the daily budget of letters was brought in and placed before the Prince, along with the foot-long lead pencil of which everybody has heard, and which is no fiction, but hard fact. It is Bismarck's rule to receive letters the day after their arrival. The delay of twenty-four hours may appear a purposeless arrangement, but it is in reality a triumph of calculating common-sense. Only the Prince's private secretary could say how many letters answer themselves by the help of this lapse of time.

There was a pause in the conversation while the quick eye of the ex-Chancellor scanned the heap of papers. Just a fortnight had elapsed since his seventy-seventh birthday, yet a large proportion of the day's letters consisted of tardy congratulations. Bismarck looked at all the documents carefully, and read most of them. A number of these birthday letters were poetical, and their cordial phrases evidently afforded the Prince great pleasure.

"It is remarkable how many unknown friends I have. Will you believe it?—eight thousand written congratulations reached me on my birthday—and the strangest thing is that fully a quarter of them were poems. The art of verse-making has spread to a singular degree of recent years. It extends to all strata of the population.

Here, for instance, is a poem by a master-saddler—fancy a saddler putting his harness on Pegasus!" And he handed me a foolscap sheet on which, below a highly ornate address, was written, in irreproachable caligraphy, a poem abounding in reverential phrases and honest, true-hearted good wishes. "And here is a poem by a carpenter, and here one by a schoolmaster, and here another by an artisan. And, see, this is from a young girl—one can easily recognise the writing." This last poetic epistle was daintily written on a sheet of æsthetic note-paper: paper, writing, and sentiment alike betrayed the authorship.

"But what pleased me extraordinarily," continued the Autocrat of our Breakfast-table, "was the fact that a quarter of my eight thousand birthday greetings came from women and girls. I regard that as a good sign, for it is my experience that one does not reach the female sympathy as soon as the male. Besides, women have never liked me—I don't know why. Perhaps I could not speak nicely enough to them. I shall never forget the Grand Duchess—. She could not bear me. She used to say that I was too haughty—that I spoke as if I were myself a Grand Duke. For she used to divide humanity into three classes—whites, blacks, and Grand Dukes, though the Grand Dukes came first."

Breakfast over and correspondence attended to, cigars were placed on the table, and the Prince's two long pipes were brought in ready charged, for the ex-Chancellor still faithfully observes his old custom of afternoon smoking. The hounds meanwhile had fallen asleep.

"I don't smoke cigars any more," said the Prince, as the blue wreaths curled upward from the gigantic bowl of his pipe. "I used to smoke ten, twelve, twenty, together without stopping—from morning till night. Now I dare not touch them. They have left me for ever. But I keep to my pipe."



PRINCE BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

And in a moment the speaker's head became obscured in a dense nimbus of smoke.

Then followed a deeply interesting conversation—too long to be fully narrated here—in which political, social, and personal questions of past and present were touched in turn. A casual word sent the Prince back in thought to the events which forced him to the front of Prussian politics thirty years ago, and to the task which he was then called on to discharge—

"When I came into office in 1862 it was my duty to restate the royal power, for it was shaken and shattered. The King showed me his written abdication. And I achieved my task."

"But I am not an absolutist by any means. I am not in favour of one-man government: there is always danger in it. The Sovereign may himself have the best intentions, yet there is a possibility of his coming under unwise, if not sinister, influence—it may be that of a favourite or of a woman—and whatever the irregular force behind the throne is, its presence is dangerous. No man, however wise, can rule well without counsellors. I hold, too, that Parliamentary opinion and a free Press—free to a certain extent—are necessary to a satisfactory monarchical system."

Here the Prince referred to the absolute yet enlightened rule of the Great Elector and Frederick the Great, remarking that if these cases seemed to weaken his contention, it must be remembered that they were men who, even if they had not been rulers, would by virtue of their natural capacities and gifts have greatly distinguished themselves.

Then he cleared up a point which has probably puzzled many English politicians.

"Yes, we have universal manhood suffrage in Germany, and that goes farther than you in England have yet gone. But universal suffrage was the principle of the Frankfurt Parliament. That was why I adopted it in the Constitution of the North German Confederation, and afterwards of the Empire. It was necessary to counteract the Austrian influence, and it was my aim, therefore, to win over all classes. I regarded universal suffrage as untenable as a permanent

institution, and fully expected that a modification would be called for later. And though it has lasted till now, I believe that some limitation will eventually be made. Unfortunately, political power is only nominally in the hands of the electors: it is not they but the party leaders who vote. The leaders give the word, and the rest follow their bidding. In England it is otherwise. There the masses of the people read the newspapers and form their own opinions. Here only the leaders read, and their followers obey them blindly."

"And to what extent, if any, might the German Parliamentary system be regarded as final?"

"Final it is not. Doubtless we shall pass through the stages which you in England have passed through—of course, with variations and modifications incidental to time and place. But in any case it will be a slow process, and no one can foresee the direction which developments will take."

I called to mind here an opinion expressed to me some seven years ago—when the last Franchise Act had been passed—by Professor Gneist, the historian of the English Constitution, that while "you in England, owing to your repeated extensions of the franchise, are steering in the direction of social and political disorder," the tendencies in Germany "are, and will in the future be, more and more Conservative." So far as concerned England, the Prince did not endorse this view.

This caused reference to be made to the forthcoming Parliamentary elections and to the Irish Question.

"I don't like experiments. [This was a hit at Home Rule.] We have always regarded England as a certain quantity—a factor to be counted on, relied on—in politics, and we don't like to see her experimenting. Well, no one can foretell the result. All you can do is to keep your powder dry."

Did the Prince speak acrimoniously of those who

are now in high places in Germany? On the contrary, all his allusions to current politics were dignified and without trace of uncharitableness. Who would have expected otherwise? Of the two late Emperors the man who was the only Chancellor either of them ever had spoke cordially, nay, affectionately.

"The old William was not, it is true, a great statesman, but he was a man of mature and sound judgment. He would never act without consulting one or more of his counsellors. Then he was a perfect gentleman. He was true: he appreciated what the French call *la relation sure*. I was deeply attached to him."

"The Emperor Frederick was a noble man. He was not, perhaps, a man of great strength, yet he was one of very considerable perception, discretion, and tact. He was a sharp sword with a short blade. Three years before the Emperor William died his son called me and asked me to stay with him. I saw both him and the Empress Frederick, and I promised to remain in office."

And I would have continued with him to the last. I would not have forsaken him, even though I had myself thought that he was going wrong.

"Shall I enter the Reichstag?" That I cannot say. It would be difficult to move again among those who were my friends yet have turned against me. Nor would it be pleasant for them either. I should be like Banquo's ghost at the feast. Besides, I should be continually exposing myself to demonstrations, either hostile or friendly, in the streets. I shall not enter the Reichstag unless patriotic duty seems to make it necessary that I should speak. All will depend on the development of events, though it is not likely that I shall take my seat."

Nor is it probable that the Prince will—at present, at any rate—visit England. "I would like very much, but I dare not promise. My age and my diminishing strength make me more and more a creature of impulse. I do not arrange plans for the future—certainly not the distant future. I was last in England in 1862, and I would gladly go again; but I dare not face public appearances. If I visited England it would have to be privately."

"And the memoirs so much talked and written about?"

"No, I shall not publish anything during my lifetime. There are so many events in which I am now the only living witness, and you will see how the publication of memoirs while I live would land me into every manner of polemic, and that, in my advanced age, I could not stand. But I shall leave papers and memoranda to my children, who will deal with them after I am gone. For the rest, I trust to history."

"And history is just and speaks truth!"

"Yes, history is just, but her judgments always tarry long—it may be thirty, forty years. Yet history is just."

And I, who likewise had tarried long, left soon afterwards. Who can doubt what the verdict of history will be regarding this great man? Surely it will be this—that he spent himself in the service of his country, giving ungrudgingly of his powers that she might become united, strong, and free—in fine, that he lived and loved to do his duty.

W. H. DAWSON.





"SWEET APPLES."

BY IGNAZ ROSKOVIC.



## THE NEW HOGARTH AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Hogarth's gifts as a colourist, we all know, received but faint recognition from his contemporaries. "It is granted that colouring was not Mr. Hogarth's forte," said Dr. Morell of Chiswick, who wrote "S.T.P." after his name, and was consequently an infallible critic of art. "As a painter he had but slender merit," said Mr. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, fresh from the enamels of Petitot and the "sut-water" masterpieces of Lady Di Beauclerk. "His historical or portrait pieces are now considered as almost beneath all criticism," said Mr. John Wilkes. And Wilkes's led-captain, Mr. Charles Churchill, the satirist, said ditto to his friend, only louder. "Sigismunda"—according to this "Bully of the Muses"—was "the helpless victim of a Dauber's hand."

What Churchill thought, what Wilkes thought, is really of little moment, since they would probably have said precisely the reverse if a certain ill-fated print entitled "The Times, Pl. 1," had never made its appearance. But the political hacks and caricaturists followed their lead, while the "Picture-dealers, Picture-cleaners, Picture-frame-makers, and other Connoisseurs," of whom the combative artist spoke so contemptuously, followed the lead of the Walpoles and Morells. After Hogarth's death, his works in oil, which are not numerous, could not plead for themselves. "The Harlot's Progress," all but one scene, had been burnt; "The Rake's Progress" was shut up at Fonthill; the "Election" series at Garrick's; the "Marriage à la Mode" at Hillingdon. The huge canvases at St. Bartholomew's Hospital and Lincoln's Inn are not the artist's best; and the "March to Finchley" and "Captain Coram" seem to have been forgotten, or to have been regarded as productions too accidental to warrant the assertion of a rule. Hence it was not until 1814 and 1817, when many of these and others were brought together at the British Institution, that people began to suspect secondhand report to have been more in the wrong than usual. From that time Hogarth's reputation as a layer of colours has been growing imperceptibly, like the fame of Marcellus; and in 1862, when there was another great exhibition of his paintings, the tone of criticism with respect to them had manifestly changed. The almost annual appearance, at the Old

Masters' and elsewhere, of fresh specimens of his skill has enforced this revised verdict as to his equipments, and it may be questioned now whether any sane critic would dare to repeat the opinion of Walpole. It is true that it appears to be still dying hard in America; it is true also that in France, where Hogarth has accomplished admirers, there is still a critic who can be found to say, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "Comme peintre, il ne peut être classé." But it is only charitable to assume, in the face of the evidence now accessible, that the writer has had no opportunity of studying at first hand the performances of the artist to whom he refers.

Meanwhile the National Gallery has been patiently accumulating its *pièces justificatives*. Possessed already of Hogarth's portrait and "Marriage à la Mode," it added to these, in 1879, by the bequest of Mr. Anderdon, the much-abused "Sigismunda," and it has since acquired from the Leigh Court collection the excellent "Lavinia Fenton" and the brilliant sketch of the "Shrimp Girl." More recently again, the fortunate vigilance of Sir Frederic Burton has secured a fresh example of Hogarth's proficiency with the brush. It is a canvas of thirty inches wide by twenty-four inches high, and contains six heads, three male and three female. The central face is that of an elderly man in a collar with tassels; above him is a boy of about ten; and in the right-hand upper corner is an old man. Below this old man is the head of a woman between thirty and forty; to this, in the left-hand lower corner, corresponds the head of a girl about sixteen, and above this girl, in a cap with a green ribbon, is a pleasant-faced young woman of twenty. All the portraits are in excellent preservation, and admirably painted in that direct, dexterous, unlaboured, unhesitating manner which

characterises Hogarth's best portrait work. In one or two of the faces there is a certain air of kinship, and it may well be that there is an actual relationship between some of the persons represented. But of the history of the composition there is no manner of doubt. It is manifestly those studies of servants to which, in his "Anecdotes" of 1782 and 1783, Nichols refers as being then in the possession of the painter's widow. He further states that they were on one canvas. Mrs. Hogarth died in 1789; and in April of the following year the picture figures in the catalogue of Mr. Greenwood, the auctioneer, as "Hogarth's Six Servants," being purchased by William Collins, Esq., of Greenwich, for the modest sum of £5 15s. 6d. It was subsequently in the possession of Mr. W. B. White, of Brownlow Street, Holborn, at whose sale, in May 1879, it was bought by its last possessor, Mr. Wedderburn. When, in 1817, the picture was exhibited at the British Gallery by Mr. Collins, it seems to have been stated that one of the two men was intended for a likeness of the beadle of Chiswick or St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; but, unless one of the painter's establishment afterwards held this honourable office, the story is inconsistent with the accepted history of the work. That history is, moreover, confirmed beyond any reasonable doubt by the fact that in the collection of Hogarth's patron, James, first Earl of Charlemont, which now forms part of the wonderful series of Joly volumes on sale at Mr. Quaritch's, there is a pencil copy of this very composition. It was made in 1788—a year before Mrs. Hogarth's death—by Richard Livesay, the engraver, whose initials it

unvarnished story of a soldier's life, without any pretension to book-making, and throws more light upon the subject than is to be obtained by the discussion of rival theorists.

The collection of pictures belonging to M. Coquelin, and lent by him for exhibition at the Barbizon Gallery (198, Piccadilly), is interesting in two very different ways. It is not only eminently illustrative of contemporary French art in its various aspects, but also of M. Coquelin's career as an actor. It would, perhaps, be difficult to decide, in the presence of so many offerings from appreciative friends, how far chance or choice is responsible for the selection; but this need not trouble the visitor, who will here find Meissonier and Detaille, J. F. Millet and Bastien Le Page, Corot and Daubigny, Diaz and Madrazzo, and for impressionists Pissaro, Monet, and Sisley, all represented by works worthy of their names and reputation. M. Coquelin must have sat for his portrait almost as many times as he has "created" parts, and to at least a score of artists, including Charlemont, P. Dagnan, C. Duvent, Detaille, Duez, Jacquet, Leloir, and Madrazzo; but his painter-in-ordinary is M. Friant, who has not only painted him in a variety of his principal rôles but also in private life, alone and with his son, in his study, and as a dragoon! probably the one character in which it was expected he would not figure. The two specimens of J. F. Millet are finished sketches, of which one, "The Sower," served as the groundwork of one of his most successful and popular works. "At the Mill" is less known, and represents

two men at the door of a mill loading a donkey with grain, a tribute to the dignity of toil such as the artist loved to pay. The four landscapes by Sisley belong to the "école miroitante," and, although somewhat startling in colour, show a marvellous depth of light and shadow when seen from a distance. Altogether, the exhibition is one of the most interesting now open in London.

"Myrtle Grove," in the town of Youghal, where Raleigh once lived, and Spenser was a frequent visitor, failed to find a purchaser when offered for sale a short time since. It is a house which has attractions apart from its unique associations, and with its three gables and high-pitched roof is an excellent specimen of domestic architecture at the close of the sixteenth century. It was built in 1588 by Dr. Meredith Hanmer, the titular warden of "Our Lady's College" at Youghal—and most

probably of the materials of the dismantled and disestablished monastery. Raleigh had already been appointed one of the Queen's Commissioners in Munster, and it is not unlikely that the similarity between Myrtle Grove and Hayes Farm—Raleigh's birthplace in Devonshire—was due to a desire of the local authorities to propitiate the Queen's favourite, whose star was then at its zenith. Inside the house there is some fine panelling of old Irish oak.

Those who have been accustomed to look distrustfully upon much of Mr. Mortimer Menpes's work would do well to give attentive study to the collection of drawings of Venice now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's. Very delicate as his previous painting has been, Mr. Menpes now shows that delicacy is not incompatible with strength and reality. Some of his sketches of Venetian "by-paths"—if the side canals may be so called—are a fresh revelation of the resources which the Queen of the Adriatic offers to artists: glimpses of old walls coloured by the lapse of time, of doorways through which the eye catches a glimpse of a long-buried past, of church aisles half lost in gloom, but still conveying a sense of beauty—such are the impressions of Venice which Mr. Menpes has brought away and has worked out with elaborate pains and success. His detractors are now fairly challenged, and they must recede from the position they formerly took up, or else explain away in a satisfactory manner the charming results which Mr. Menpes has produced. The collection has also another interest, for it will be remembered that the artist first became known as a follower of Mr. Whistler, who also has produced a "Venice series," which surpassed in glamour the present drawings as much as these outdo Mr. Whistler's in finish.



HOGARTH'S SIX SERVANTS.

bears, and it is plainly entitled by him "Hogarth's Servants." Livesay, who facsimiled the "Five-Days Tour" and other of Hogarth's minor works, was Mrs. Hogarth's lodger at Leicester Square, and would have ample means of knowing all the circumstances. He it was who arranged the Charlemont collection, for the two volumes of which Dr. Joly is said to have paid £1000, or £150 more than Mr. Quaritch now asks for the unique Joly collection of twenty-four volumes. It is a pity that Livesay omitted to do what at the time would have been so easy—to add the names of the persons represented. Mrs. Hogarth's own servant, who may have been one of the group, was known as Samuel; and Hogarth himself, we believe, had a man named Ben Ives. One of the maids survived to be a centenarian, and, as Mrs. Chappell of Great Smith Street, Westminster, lived far into the present century. She was a girl when Hogarth died, in 1764, and is, perhaps, the youngest of the women in the picture.

### ART NOTES.

The summer exhibition of water-colours of the Dudley Gallery Art Society is scarcely up to its usual modest standard, but the moderate prices which the majority of the exhibitors affix to their work show that they are under no illusion as to their merit. The President, Mr. Walter Severn, Mr. Rupert Stevens, Miss O'Hara, and Mr. Medlycott are about the only exhibitors who stand out in any distinction from their surroundings. A little book, "Following the Flag," written by Mr. Hatfield, who enlisted before he was fourteen years of age, and is now secretary to the Dudley Gallery Art Society, has been illustrated by Mr. N. B. Severn. It is a simply told,



## THE MYSTERY OF MYCENÆ.

BY ANDREW LANG.

We are always thinking that we have found the key to the secret of Homer, and we are always being disappointed. By the secret of Homer I chiefly mean the problem as to whether he was describing a real state of society, and as to the date of that society's existence. On these points a number of books have appeared recently in English, and all that this article attempts is to give the reader a very general idea of the state of the question. A clear and thorough idea he can only obtain by reading the books for himself, and by visiting, at least, the British Museum, if not the museum of Athens, and the ruins of Mycenæ. The recent works on the topic are Mr. Percy Gardner's "New Chapters in Greek History" (John Murray); Mr. A. S. Murray's "Handbook of Greek Art" (Black); Miss Eugénie Sellers's translation of Schuchardt's "Schliemann's Excavations," with Mr. Leaf's introduction (Macmillan); Miss Agnes Clerke's "Familiar Studies in Homer" (Longmans); Mr. Flinders Petrie's articles in the "Journal of the Hellenic Society for 1890-91," his "Illahun, Kahun, and Gurob" (Nutt), his "Ten Years Diggings in Egypt" (H.T.S.), and Mr. Cecil Torr's strictures on his theories in the *Classical Review*, March 1892. Here is a pretty little preliminary list of authorities, in which the amateur has to pick his way as deftly as possible. How is one ever to state lucidly a problem so complicated? On the face of things Homer is describing

court of Asia Minor, whither the Achæans migrated after the invasion, carrying with them their old manners and arts? In brief, did he live in the Achæan lands, before the Dorian invasion (say, 1100 B.C.), or did he live in Asia Minor after it, among Achæans, or is he two or three centuries later, and is he reconstructing Achæan life in the antiquarian fashion? The last alternative is not plausible, I venture to think: such a poet would speak of what he saw, he would not reconstruct a dead age, as Sir Walter, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," reconstructs the age of Border chivalry. Unluckily, we do not know how long Achæan settlers in Asia Minor might retain their old institutions and manners. These would probably disappear, at latest, by the ninth century B.C.

This is the problem on the face of the poems; we can only guess for ourselves as to whether an Achæan poet, inspired by old lays, could ignore an event like the ruin of old Achæan Greece. But now we have to deal with the evidence of the spade, with discoveries in the soil of Homeric sites, as Mycenæ and Tiryns, and Sparta and Bapheion, and with other discoveries in the sands of Egypt. First, the ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ, always conspicuous, are of a huge early style in architecture, such as the Incas used in Peru. Greek tradition, without varying, ascribed these vast works in stone to emigrants from Phrygia, the Pelopidæ, rich in gold. Popular legend, attributing them to the Cyclopes, was exactly on a level with our own legends, which ascribe various things to the Devil or to Michael Scott. This only means that the

earliest date for this Mycenæan work." He places the people of the graves, the Achæan heroes, from 1400 to 1000 B.C. Now, Homer knows Egypt as a land on which the Achæans made raids, much in the Viking manner. He is acquainted with its wealth, its civilisation, and with the Nile. So far everything holds together. Again, Egyptian wall-paintings of 1500 to 1300 B.C. show Egypt in conflict with fair invaders from the North—Leku, Lebu, Aquaiusha, Shardana, and so forth. In these invaders, with their double-beaked ships, De-Rougé recognised Lycians, Libyans, Achæans, Sardinians, and the like. The arguments based on the names are merely sniffed at by Mr. Cecil Torr, who speaks of Monmouth and Macedon. We can lay no stress on the names, but here are fair invaders from the North in Egypt (1500-1400), and here are Egyptian objects in Greek graves of, it is said, 1500-1400. Here be coincidences. Then comes Mr. Petrie, finding pottery like that of Mycenæ, and the early Ægean, not Egyptian in style, in Egyptian rubbish heaps, which he dates 1500-1200 B.C. Hence he infers the very ancient connection of Achæan Greece with Egypt.

On all these, and other testimonies, the graves of Mycenæ are accepted by Schuchardt, Mr. Leaf, Mr. Gardner, and Miss Clerke as very old indeed, probably much earlier than the Homeric poems, but attesting a civilisation similar in kind to that known by Homer. To this opinion I hold myself. "I speak as a fool," or, more literally, as a layman or amateur. But then comes Mr. Torr, who certainly does



TOMBS OF MYCENÆ.

FROM "NEW CHAPTERS IN GREEK HISTORY," BY PERCY GARDNER. (JOHN MURRAY.)

events at a very considerable distance from his own period. The heroes are stronger than men of his degenerate age, the gods are more familiar than his contemporaries probably found them. But it is natural to all early art to attribute its own manners and customs to the distant age which it describes. Mallory makes King Arthur's knights behave like knights near a thousand years later; the Theseus of Chaucer is a Theseus of the fourteenth century, one of Froissart's men. So analogy leads us to believe that Homer attributes the manners and institutions which he knows to an age more remote. Now, these manners and institutions are certainly not those of historic Greece, say, later than 700 B.C. Wives are bought; coins are not in use; heroes fight from chariots; we have kings, not republics; ancient points of drill are observed; stones, not anchors, are used to moor vessels; the ox is the unit of value, and so forth. If we deny that Homer invented institutions found elsewhere among actual backward races, and if we do not suppose that he was a member of Mr. Tylor's school of philosophers, that he reconstructed old times, as Scott reconstructed the Middle Ages, when did he live? when did that society flourish which he knew?

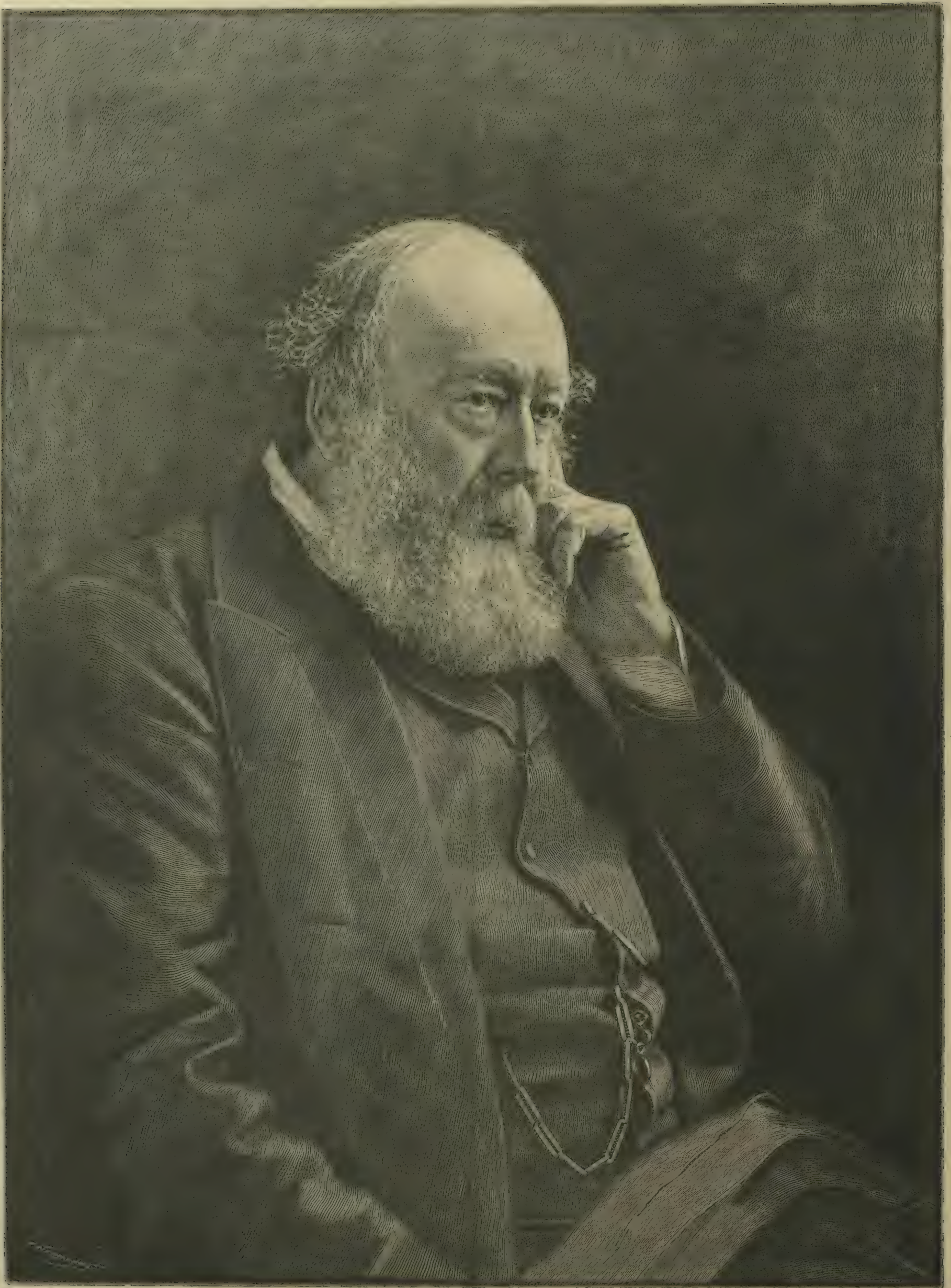
Now, in the earliest Greek history, history only known in legend, comes a great flaw, or break—a revolution. Homer always sings of Achæans, Argives, Danaans, as the people of his lay. Of Dorians he says next to nothing. Now, the flaw, or break, in Greek life was caused by an irruption of Dorians into the Achæan lands of the Peloponnese. The world was thereby turned upside down, as in Britain it was by the invasion of Angles, Jutes, and Saxons. Of that invasion, that break or flaw, Homer says not one word. Are we to suppose, then, that he lived previous to the Dorian invasion, or that he ignored it? If he ignored it, was he living and singing at a

peasants knew nothing of the authors of works which they set down to imaginary giants. But this ignorance surely implies immense antiquity in the conspicuous ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns. So Homer speaks of as living and powerful, and homes of well-known kings, cities which were ruinous and half deserted at the date of the Persian wars. Could such cities possibly be creations of times as recent as the eighth and seventh centuries B.C.?

So much for the conspicuous ruins, the walls, the Lion Gate, the beehive-shaped treasuries. Among these came Dr. Schliemann with his spade, and he uncovered the stone circle and the graves, which we illustrate by the picture in Mr. Gardner's book. Here you see, within the huge Cyclopean wall, a strange circle of stone, and within that, again, the holes of the graves. These graves contained corpses partly burned, partly embalmed, a vast hoard of gold, weapons, and fragments of pottery. The art of the gold work was quite unlike what we knew before on Greek soil. There was much of spiral ornament; there were gilt face-masks; on the bronze sword-blades were designs, in various coloured gold, of lion-hunts, fights, men-at-arms, the scenes being such as Homer describes, the dress being different, though the shields answer rather to his descriptions than to the shields of historical Greece. These pictures represented Egyptian scenes, marshes of papyrus, but not always in the style of Egyptian art; the art is more free and natural. But it varies much from the art of Phœnician bowls of the eighth and seventh centuries which have often been supposed to represent the art with which Homer was familiar. Again, a similar sword was found in the grave of Queen Ah Hotep of Egypt, who flourished about 1600 B.C. "We thus," says Schuchardt, "get the fifteenth or sixteenth century B.C. as the

seem to show that Mr. Petrie's early dates are very far from being safe or well supported by logic. Then Mr. Murray shows that gold work of the seventh or sixth century was found in that very grave of Ah Hotep, where the sword like the Mycenæan sword was found. Then we know that scarabs of kings do not date the tombs where they were found, because popular scarabs went on being made long after the king whose device they bear was dead. Mr. Murray also tries to show that the ornaments of Mycenæan pottery are found on pottery of the eighth century; and so these pots need not be of, say, the fourteenth century. Of course, ornaments on pottery might conceivably be recycled for centuries. But on this point only experts can be heard. Finally, Mr. Murray has a tendency to date Mycenæan remains in the age of the great pre-Republican despots, say, 750-650 B.C. For here were despots of great power, who seem to have left no remains; and here are remains *adespota*, masterless. Why should we not combine our information, if the styles of art agree? Against this the evidence of tradition is very strong, with me. No legend attributed Mycenæ or Tiryns to Pheidon the Temenid, in the comparatively recent eighth century, nor to anyone of his class. No authority attributes the huge ruins to the age of the tyrants. Could they have done such works, and could tradition, comparatively so fresh, have assigned them to Phrygians and to Cyclopes? This is, to me, quite incredible, but the argument from art is too minute to be discussed out of a museum. He who would reach conviction must take the little library which I have catalogued, especially Mr. Murray's book, and then examine the prehistoric or very early Greek work in the British Museum. Then he may feel happy in his mind about the Mystery of Mycenæ. But I believe that Dr. Schliemann discovered the tomb of Agamemnon.

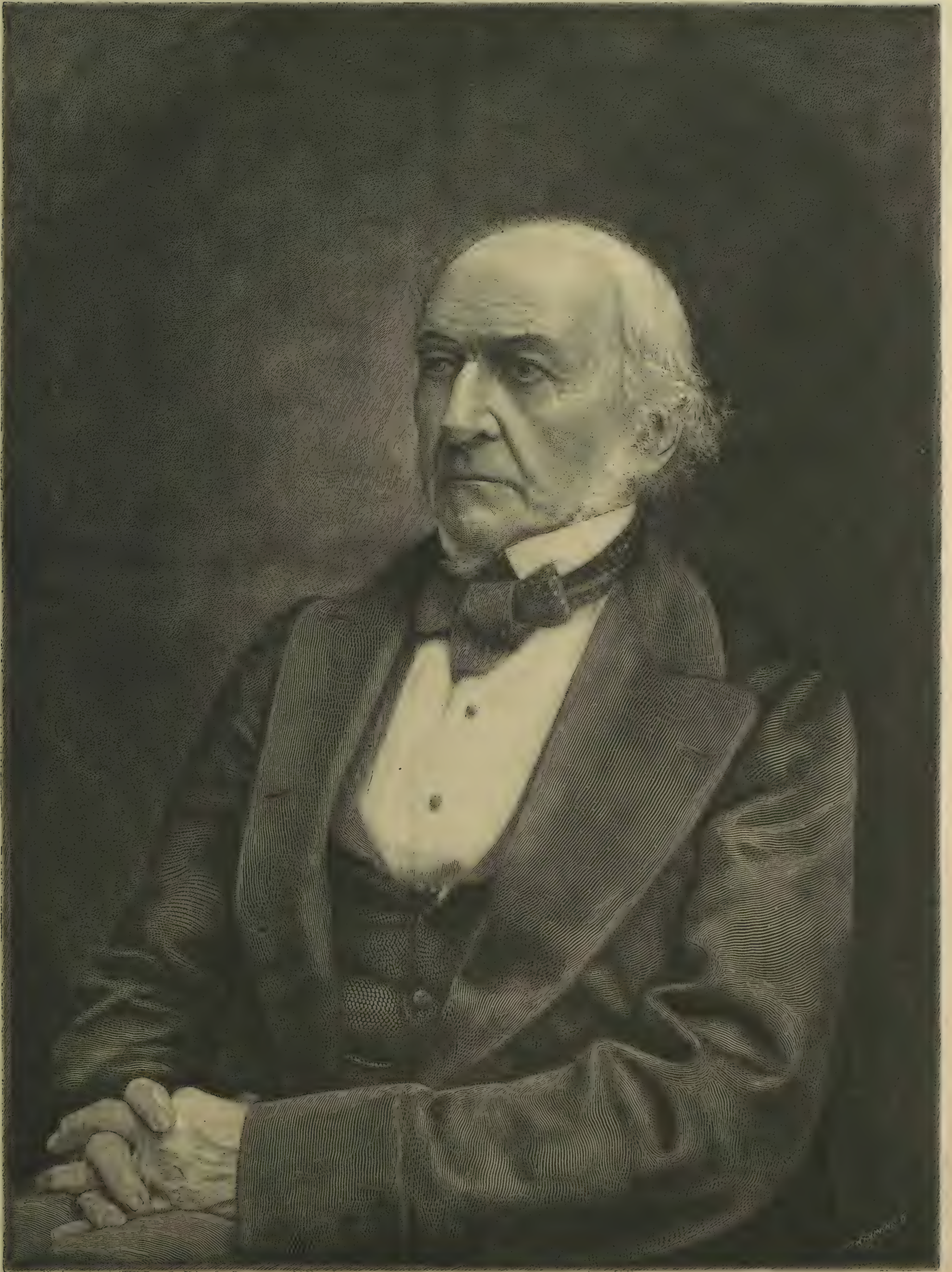




*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.





THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

*Photo by Russell and Sons, F. & S., W.*

NDER WHICH KING?"



## THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

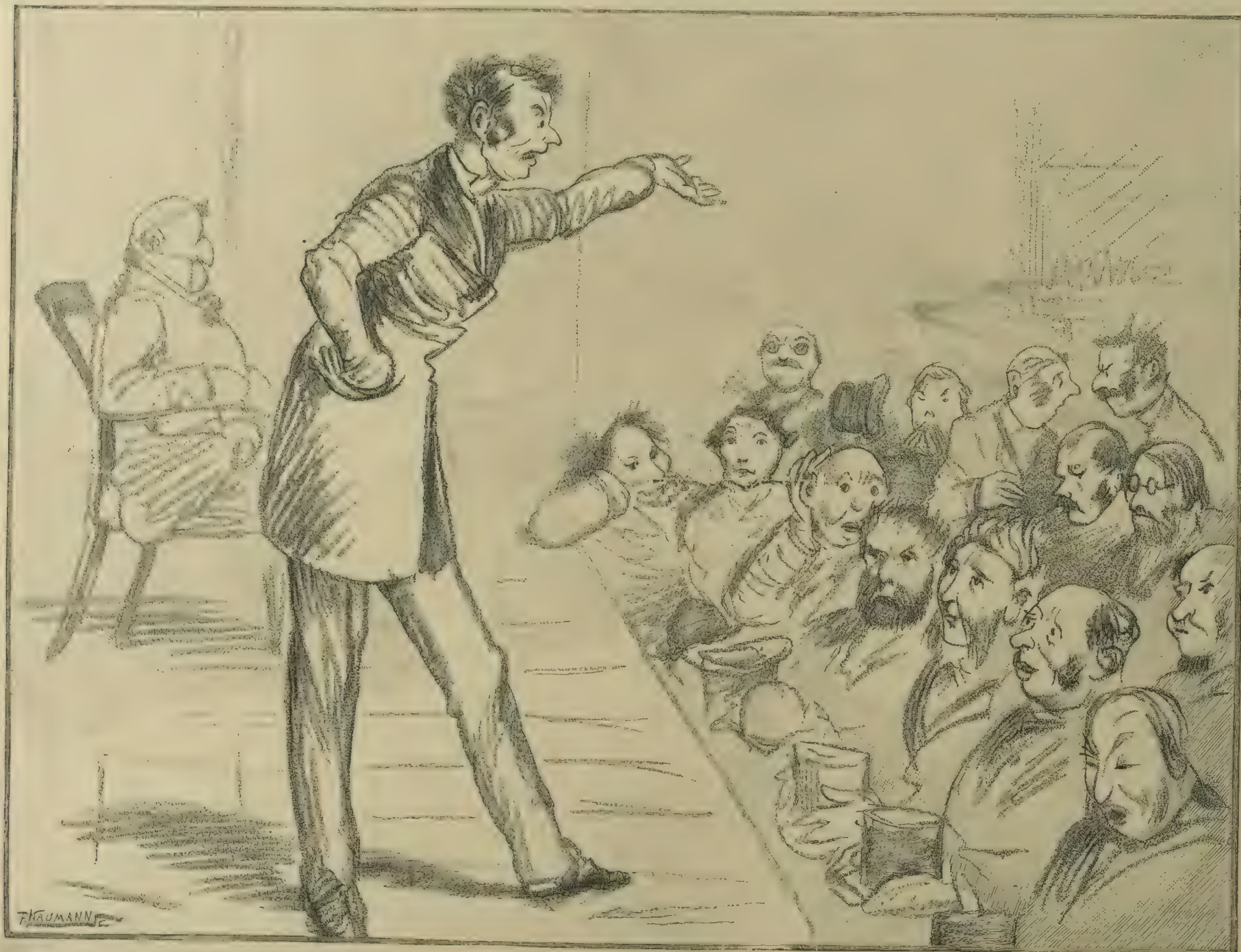
"Nothing in the papers" but a prodigious mass of the *curia*, the old clothes of nothingness; for about four-fifths of the speeches and addresses and letters to the editor which are shot into the public journals every day deserve no other description. Whatever life and force did once animate these wordy vestitures have perished, worn out by months of repetition; and blessed will be the hour when the old, old arguments, the old, old replies, and yesterday's taunts and to-day's rejoinders are all swept away into forgetfulness. There is too much of it; it is far too noisy and abusive; and the gentler observers of the conflict perceive with what is, perhaps, a sentimental regret that the part which Woman takes in it is not always that of the appeaser of angry passions, the healer of wounds, the comforter of broken heads. At our own electioneering Donny-brooks the stone in the stocking is seen swinging amid the shillelaghs to terrific effect; and it was a Fair One of the Masses who, discarding verbal taunts for their concrete equivalent, a lump of well-baked gingerbread, "hurled" that, inflicting on its recipient more pain than he had suffered in any previous controversy. But though the delivery of the missile

"unmusical" Britons flock to make monster meetings, and what enthusiasm do we witness then! The fiddling and the singing of this week alone, and the thousands that have swarmed to hear them, in country and town, show whether we are a musical people or not. That we are a solemnly musical people, with a tendency to infuse the taste with a kind of religiosity rather than joyousness, is true; but that is another matter. It is our way of taking most pleasures.

The lately published report about hospitals tells us of beds that are kept vacant by hundreds for want of funds, "while others are let to paying patients." Is it not possible that there would be more funds if there were more paying patients? It may be that our hospital system would be benefited altogether if it were reformed a little on the American plan. In England, people who can afford to pay something for hospital assistance get it for nothing with comparative ease. It is not so in the United States. The rule there, we believe, is that no one is admitted to hospital on full gratis terms who cannot show that he is too poor to pay anything without immediate distress. No doubt the rule is liberally construed, but the result seems to be that many of the poorer classes go

the workhouse; and when there seems to be no alternative between doing that and concealing some dread disease they will often resort to concealment. Were there a larger system of hospital aid, which demanded some little payment from patients who could meet the demand, this evil, for one, would be diminished; and if the stigma of pauperism were only partially removed thereby, it would be a relief to the feelings of the poorer creatures who must go to hospital penniless. Till we are better informed, we shall think this a matter well worth consideration.

Water. This appears to be the grand preoccupation of the numerous and thoughtful body of men who, under the name of the London County Council, have the needs and conveniences of a little nation to provide for. A better supply of water must be had—even though it be drawn, apparently, from distances that would vastly enlarge the chances of an invading army, which would only be too delighted, of course, to cut off the water supply of London for a week or two, it would make matters so much easier. Looking well ahead, our good Councillors or their advisers have come to the



ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS.

FACSIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE LATE RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

is in one sense an answer to those who maintain that women are incapable of practical politics, in another sense it is not; and on all accounts it would be sweet to hear that the lady threw the gingerbread in satire, not in spite.

One delightful thing we know already: the discord in the newspapers is out of all proportion with the discord in the country. They keep it dark, the able editors; but though there is a very perceptible amount of political uproar at the present moment, yet Nature's harmonies in green and gold, the pleasant contentions of tennis-ground and cricket-field, the concordance of sweet laziness by the river's margent or on its tranquil breast, are generally considered much more attractive than canvassing or listening to canvassers. For really enthusiastic meetings with depth in them, where will you go rather than to the halls where Music draws her votaries in by ever-increasing thousands? You do not pay five shillings, seven-and-six, one-pound-one, to hear any political chief: you wouldn't do it; nobody would, unless it were at a sort of palatial five-o'clock tea, with strawberries in Sevres plates and creamy conversation besides. But when Handel invites to the Crystal Palace, or Wagner to St. James's Hall, or wherever or however often good music may be heard, tickets, price so much, are no deterrents. Crowds of

to hospital as paying patients—paying something, that is to say, though not in proportion to the benefits received. One consequence of this system is (or is said to be) that the hospital treasury is better supplied with funds applicable to cases of extreme distress. Patients who can afford to defray part of their cost in hospital contribute to bring in others who can pay nothing at all. What reason is there—some reason there must be, of course—against the closer adoption of a system which seems so advantageous and so fair? In all likelihood, there would be no falling off in "voluntary contributions" if there were more confidence that hospital charity was proportioned to need; and it is noticed in this Parliamentary report that out-patient relief, at least, is suspected of excessive abuse, and of tending to "pauperise large masses of individuals." The ugly word "pauperise" recalls another consideration. Many of the decent poor have a strong dislike to going into hospital, because of its associations with pauperism; and it is more than probable that grave disorders are often neglected or nursed into a fatal stage on account of this dislike. Indeed, refusal to go into hospital on pressing persuasion and on glaring need is common, and in many cases the refusal is largely prompted by feelings of humiliation. To go into the hospital is, to most poor people, almost as much of a "let down" as going into

conclusion that a population not of five millions but twelve at least should be provided for, so rapidly does London grow; and even that seems a moderate calculation to some critics, who go so far as to predict that fifty years hence the metropolitan district will house a population equal to that of all Spain! To be sure, it is admitted that war or pestilence might bring London citizenship within narrower limits; and that we should say it certainly will if, when we are providing for a city population of twelve millions on the banks of the Thames, we take no account of the state the river will be in before the half of fifty years has passed. If it is not too soon to take thought for a double water-supply, neither is it too soon to consider what mourning there may be along "the silent highway" when an addition of two or three millions to the population makes of the Thames a mere pestilential ditch, which, indeed, it nearly resembles already. We touched upon that delicate subject a little while ago, when the advance of cholera towards Europe was faintly reported. More has been told about it since; and though there is no present justification for alarm, wise men hear in all these reports the whispered warning, "Look to the Thames." In some measure, and at an enormous cost, it is being looked to now; but with results that are totally and dangerously inadequate, even with the existing drainage area of London.



## MISS BEATRICE LAMB.

Few young actresses of what is essentially the "English school" have shown such promise and attained such respect from art connoisseurs as Miss Beatrice Lamb. Her determination is carrying her along to victory. She is one of the very few amateurs who, probably thwarted at first in her ambitious designs, and told how overcrowded the dramatic profession has become, has proved this much, at any rate—that there is room for her. The model that Miss Lamb has set before her to imitate is evidently Mrs. Kendal. She could not have a better one. Like her, she happily blends pathos and humour. Like her, she never seems to know which she prefers, a serious or a comic scene. She has worked hard, played every kind of business, ranged from scenes of strong emotion to those of almost farce, and now we find her the successful heroine of a farcical comedy, which so exhibits the serious vein in her nature that, though acting Mr. Paulton's Niobe, people are probably urging her to try Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Galatea. If any definite revival of Mr. Gilbert's Haymarket series of fancifully mythological plays were ever contemplated, Miss Beatrice Lamb would naturally fall into the characters that Mrs. Kendal created. A tall and handsome blonde, with an imposing presence, a voice not wholly under command as yet, and a very distinguished style, this young actress can play serious classics or classical farce. Comedy is evidently her strong point, though she very naturally leans to characters that have in them emotion and tears. The best of her humour is that it is absolutely unconscious. She makes fun with a perfectly serious face. The wittiest lines are delivered by her with mock gravity, and though the whole audience is in fits of laughter the actress regards them with a look of bland surprise. A temperament like this is what Mr. Gilbert loves for his mock heroics, and, like so many more, if Miss Lamb were not happily placed as Niobe, we could wish her in the classic garments of Galatea. At a time when actresses of the first importance do not grow like blackberries on hedges, the great gifts of this clever young lady are not to be despised. Nature has given her much, and art in good time will give her more. She has made more than one success on the stage, and has made her mark surprisingly quickly, considering her limited experience. Let her never weary of well-doing. She is sure to reap, and is not likely to faint. She has unbounded confidence, and now let her continue to study hard, as all the best actresses have done before her. As was said above, her style is emphatically English, but a visit or so to the French plays while Sarah Bernhardt is playing would do her no harm. She would learn there what she most needs—variety of expression and management of a rich and musical voice.

C. S.

## PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

## IV.—THE ARMY.

In the centre of the Königsplatz, with its spacious shrubberies, sparkling fountains, and variegated beds of flowers, rises the lofty Siegessäule, or Victory Column, riveted with rings of captured cannon and studded with splendid bas-reliefs in bronze, recording for all time the leading incidents of the three campaigns, or stupendous hammer-blows, which welded disunited Germany into one solid and homogeneous mass. The Victory Column towers in the centre, with the new Imperial House of Parliament on one side, and another still more famous, if less imposing, building, the offices of the Grand General Staff of the Army, on the other—on one side the tongue, or speaking organ, so to say, of the Empire, and on the other its skull. Phrenologically considered, not even Cæsar had a finer shaped head on his shoulders than Moltke, the late Chief of the General Staff ("A true Emperor's head," said the young Emperor as he stood musing by the bier of his departed Field-Marshal); and as Moltke's head was to his own body, so is the General Staff building to the German Army—in contents, at least, if not in form. The brilliantly gifted and accomplished men of war who silently perform their peace functions within this massive but by no means magnificent building have been well described in detail as the "Brain of an Army"; and where will you find another such brain and another such army? Nowhere, indeed, in the civilised world, and it were bootless to go farther in the search, for it is not the savage but the civilised portion of mankind which has carried the art of killing to the highest pitch of perfection.

Militarism, the systematic manufacture of fighting-men, the methodised science of mass-murder, the art of inflicting the greatest possible injury on your foe with a minimum of damage to yourself—such is the chief national industry of Germany, and it is one in which the Germans have distanced and shown

the way to all other nations. "Made in Germany" is a label which, if importers were honest, you would find affixed to most recent innovations in the armies of Europe. Not that in England we have not still many military products which are native to the soil, because they are specially suited to our institutions, our exigencies as a world-power, our oft-recurring warfare with savage and semi-civilised races. But the military problems and contingencies of Germany are also of a special kind, and it is impossible to imagine how she could have better provided for the solution of these problems than she has done in the organisation and equipment of her army. If ever any human institution was or can be anything like perfect, it is surely the German Army, which is the most remarkable thing that can attract the eye and attention of a foreigner in all the Empire. I would not send a son of mine to be educated in Germany, because I believe he could be better educated—and education is a wide word—in England; I would not go to Germany to learn engineering, or commerce, or shipbuilding, or painting, or any other of the arts—barring music, perhaps; I would not advise those who want superior poetry, or fiction, or literature of any kind, or social polish, to seek for what they want in Germany. But, on the other hand, there is only one school

with the military progress and preparedness of the French. It is true that the French, since defeat taught them a little humility, have made immense progress with the reform of their army. But the Germans have been anything but idle in the same interval, and have kept well on ahead. The German soldier is docile, simple, hardy, dogged, pious, patriotic, obedient, and brave; and his officer, while endowed with corresponding virtues, possesses all the qualities—physical, mental, and moral—that go to the making of an ideal latter-day leader and commander of men. The German people are comparatively indifferent to the doings and fate of their Parliaments, but they are intensely vain of their army, whose peace fortunes even they follow with never-flagging interest and pride, as being, after all, the main supporting pillar of their national greatness, liberty, and life; and never did Prince Bismarck say a truer thing than when, at the beginning of his career, he made bold to believe with Frederick the Great that the sky did not repose more firmly on the shoulders of Atlas than the Prussian State on its patriotic and accomplished generals.

## V.—THE CLERGY.

You can do nothing and go nowhere in Germany without coming into contact—sometimes violent, and generally unpleasant, contact—with some member, high or low, of the bureaucracy, or Civil Service (and, oh! if they only all knew how to be civil!) But there is another class of men, and a numerous enough one too, whom you but rarely run up against, save at funerals and christenings—for marriages are no longer in their might—and that is the clergy. A civil servant, being an incarnation of the temporal power, is a functionary who everywhere commands respect and fear; but what shall we say of the social position of the representatives of a power which was once spiritual and strong in the Fatherland, but is now almost spent? Is Germany still Christian, in the sense it was when Luther penned "*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*"? When Count von Caprivi lately stood forth to champion the Prussian Bill for restoring denominational teaching to the folk-schools, did he not emphatically declare that the real root of the matter was not a question between Protestantism and Catholicism, but between belief and unbelief? And the Chancellor was perfectly right.

About one-third of Germany is Catholic and the rest Protestant, or nominally so; but while the Church of Rome, in Teutonic lands, is now the chief stronghold and sanctuary of the Christian faith as it was preached in the Middle Ages, the Germany of Luther, save, perhaps, in the more remote and rural districts, is rapidly becoming a prey to the philosophy of Strauss and Renan. Is about three in every hundred of the population of Berlin, with its million and a half of inhabitants, not a very small percentage of voluntary and regular church-goers on a Sunday? And where, in society, do you meet the preachers and practitioners of this faith which attracts so few to the front of the pulpit? It is true that these preachers, as a rule, being mainly recruited from the ranks of the peasantry and the lower classes, are not equipped with the personal graces of form and manner which might be accepted as an agreeable substitute for learning and ability. Of these

latter qualities German clergymen, good honest souls, have no lack; but their accomplishments are thus of a very lopsided kind, and while their weight as repositories of dogma and erudition is negated by the intellectual indifference or unbelief of their parishioners, they are, on the other hand, not fitted, like their colleagues in England, to become the radiating centre of social influence and refinement.

It is different, however, with the Catholic curés, who somehow or other manage to put on more of that urbanity and man-of-the-world polish with which the Church of Rome rarely fails to endow her subtle and zealous ministers. At Court functions in Berlin the Protestant chaplains stand and officiate like so many awkward rustics—terribly conscious of the gap which separates the spiritual from the temporal power; while your Bishops of Breslau and Paderborn, or whencesoever else the proud prelates may hail, carry their heads with a high and princely air as if to the manner born, and as if they claimed even to be co-regents with the Kaiser in the kingdom of this world, as, indeed, their triumphant emergence from the Kulturkampf fairly entitles them to do. It has often struck me as a very curious spectacle, this juxtaposition before the imperial throne of the two conflicting forces in the field of the Christian faith—the Protestant chaplains acting as but the menial ministers of Court ceremony, and the other as the silent and sagacious masters of the religious situation.



Photo by Mr. Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS BEATRICE LAMB AS NIOBE, AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

in which the art military can be learned to perfection above all other schools, and that is the Fatherland in arms.

It is simply superb—is the degree of perfection to which the Germans have carried this art; and be it also said to their credit that it is more their political necessities than their personal nature which have driven them to this all-engrossing pursuit. As compared with France, Germany is more, perhaps, of a military than a martial nation; and yet it possesses fighting material very much more perfect than can be found among the bellicose and gaseous Gauls, as well in point of brawn as of brain; and woe be to the nation, French or other, which makes bold to challenge the Teuton host to single combat! It would be an evil day for the French if they let themselves be deluded into the belief, so warmly preached by Sir Charles Dilke and other lay panegyrists of a like kind, that reorganisation and other galvanising methods had made them ready for another fall with their conquerors across the Rhine. A mere promenade to Paris, as in 1870, it would not, perhaps, again be with the Germans; but, as sure as the German Army is the most perfect machine of its kind which the mind of man can devise, and as sure as its material, on the whole, is the best procurable on the Continent of Europe, so surely would the Gauls have ultimately to go down again before it, as southern birds succumb to the blasts of the North. This may seem hyperbolic, but it is the firm belief of one who knows the German Army thoroughly—from Königsberg to Metz—and has had opportunities of comparing it





"FISHING FOR JACK."

By D. DOWNING.





AT THE BREDENSTONE.

INSTALLATION OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

**WALMER CASTLE: THE NEW LORD WARDEN.**

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, British Ambassador to France, was, on Wednesday, June 22, installed as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, at Walmer Castle, Deal, by the ancient "Court of Shepway," composed of the mayors and barons of thirteen old seaport towns. They assembled, with the Seneschal, Mr. E. Wollaston Knocker, town clerk of Dover, who arranged and guided the proceedings, in the banqueting-hall, which is in the keep of the castle; each mayor was attended by his own town-clerk and mace-bearer. The Mayor

of Hastings, Mr. Tree, was elected Speaker, on the motion of Sir W. Crundall, Mayor of Dover. In the castle church, St. Mary's, there was a special religious service, conducted by the Rev. F. Sadleir, chaplain to the Forces, with a sermon by the Right Rev. Dr. Eden, Bishop of Dover. The National Anthem was sung. A procession comprising the local municipalities, friendly societies, schools, life-boat crews, fire-brigades, bands of music, and escort of the East Kent Mounted Rifle Volunteers, conducted the members of the Court, in carriages, with the new Lord Warden, through the town. The sergeant of the Admiralty bore the silver oar, emblem of

the authority of the Court. The route of two miles was guarded by the troops of the Royal Artillery, Royal Marines, Cinque Ports Volunteer Artillery and Rifles, the Highland Light Infantry, the Buffs, the Border Regiment, and the Sussex Cinque Ports Volunteers. They entered the Drop Redoubt, a small fort overlooking the sea. Here is the Bredenstone, part of the ruins of a Roman pharos on the summit of the western cliff, where the



ON THE RAMPARTS, WALMER CASTLE.



THE DUKE'S STAND-UP WRITING-DESK.



THE DUKE'S READING-CHAIR.





ENTRANCE-GATE.

installation ceremony is always performed. It took place under a large tent. Lord Dufferin was attired in a blue frock-coat with scarlet facings, with a cocked hat, and wore an admiral's sword. With him were Earl Stanhope, Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, the Earl of Sandwich, Lord Brabourne, Lord Herschell, General Lord W. Seymour, and many other gentlemen. He sat with the Mayors of Hastings and Dover on his right, the Mayor of Sandwich on his left. The Judge of the Admiralty Court, Mr. Cohen, Q.C., and Mr. Poland, Recorder of Dover, were present. The Seneschal read the precept summoning the Court, and some formalities were transacted. The Mayor of Hastings, as Speaker, addressing Lord Dufferin, requested him to undertake the duties of Lord Warden. His lordship assented, and was saluted by the Court, while nineteen guns were fired from the battery below. In the evening there was a banquet given by the Mayor of Dover at the Townhall, where Lord Dufferin made an eloquent and graceful speech.

Walmer Castle, the Lord Warden's residence, has often been described. It is situated a mile south of the town of Deal, overlooking the sea-beach, where, probably, Julius Cæsar landed on the shore of Britain. There are traces of a Roman entrenchment. The great round tower and strong wall of the castle were built by King Henry VIII. A battery of guns forbids access to a foreign enemy. On the land side the castle is sheltered by lofty trees. The interior forms a comfortable modern mansion. Its most illustrious occupants for many past years were the Right Hon. William Pitt and Arthur, Duke of Wellington; the latter died there, Sept. 14, 1852, having been Lord Warden from 1829. In this castle, also less than a year ago, died the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury. Some of the furniture belonging to Mr. Pitt

and to the great Duke is here preserved. But the good old soldier's tastes were not luxurious; he used one room in a tower for his library or study and for his bedchamber. It is plainly and rather scantily furnished; several articles, shown in our Sketches, are interesting as personal relics. He had peculiar reading-desks. The windows look out on the sea; a door allowed "the Duke" to step forth upon the ramparts, as he usually did at six o'clock on fine summer mornings.



ONE OF PITT'S CHAIRS.



THE DUKE'S FAVOURITE CORNER.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ROOM.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Doubtless many of my readers read with interest of a certain dietic experiment which was carried out lately when the gauge of the Great Western Railway was altered. The navvies engaged in that operation were working their hardest, as the line had to be altered in a very short space of time. In place of the usual beer with which the British workman is given to regale himself in his hours of labour, oatmeal and water, or, in plain language, thin gruel, was served out to the men, who declared not only their satisfaction with the liquid as a drink, but likewise bore testimony to the sustaining powers of the beverage. This was not wonderful, inasmuch as anyone possessing the slightest knowledge of the composition of foods knows that oatmeal is one of the most nutritious of common articles of diet. It is rich in starch, has a fair quantity of nitrogenous matter, is supplied with minerals (including the bone-building phosphates), and also shows a fair percentage of fat. Now, these things, needless to remark, you do not get in beer, which is chiefly water, of course, with a small percentage of alcohol and other constituents.

It seems rather late in the day to wake up to the virtues of oatmeal and water—a famous restorative for horses also, by the way—as an admirable beverage for hard-working men; but I am tempted to refer to the subject because summer days are upon us, and because not only harvesters but cyclists and many others, who usually fly to beer by way of solace in their fatigue, might, with far greater advantage, try the navvies' beverage. Even if it is to be called "skilly" (which is, of course, a term of reproach) it is to be hoped the aphorism, "What's in a name?" will enable not only teetotalers but temperate men all over to try oatmeal and water in preference to beer when undergoing exertion. A friend of mine always chews raisins when he is undergoing any fatigue. This, if I mistake not, was a recommendation of the late Sir William Gull, made in the course of that famous symposium on the alcohol question which appeared originally in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. Now, a raisin is only a dried grape, as everybody knows, and differs from the fresh fruit in having more sugar and less acid. Whatever virtue there may be in raisins as a food must reside in the sugar, I fancy, because even in the grape there are the merest traces of other matters which might be entitled to rank as nutritive substances. Sugar is, no doubt, like starch, a muscle food, or an energy-producer; still, ordinary people, I imagine, will soon get sick of raisins, and the oatmeal and water represents an incomparably better idea, because it is food and drink in one.

What appears to me to be a very noteworthy step in connection with Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia has been lately undertaken in Italy. My readers are aware that Pasteur by using hypodermic injections of the spinal marrow of rabbits, containing the virus of rabies in varying degrees of strength, prevents the development of hydrophobia in man. He has had his non-successes—*c'est la vie sans dire*—but only irrational opponents of his system demand that every case treated should be a success. When we reflect on the differences in the constitution of patients, in the lapse of time which may intervene between the bite and the beginning of the treatment, and in the degree of injury they severally sustain to begin with, we clearly see that Pasteur's list of successes must be subject to conditions over which he has no control. This, at any rate, is true: that the mortality from hydrophobia has been markedly reduced in those treated by Pasteur, compared with the death-rate in cases left to ordinary treatment. Little Joseph Meister, torn and lacerated seven years ago by a rabid wolf, remains to-day well and happy. He would be a bold man, I think, who would venture to affirm that, left to the chances of recovery under ordinary medication, this boy would not have died the most painful of deaths.

The treatment up till now has been preventive. Pasteur's artificially cultivated germs may be presumed to get to the nerve centres before the germs inoculated by the bite can gain access to the centres, and when the germs arrive on their mission of death they find themselves forestalled by the injected germs, which last are increased in intensity and strength as the treatment progresses. Now, on March 3 a young Italian was bitten on the calf of the left leg by a rabid dog. He was treated by Pasteur's method at the institute of that name at Bologna by Professor Murri. This treatment began on March 7; but on March 26 or 27 alarming symptoms appeared, and on March 29 the patient was in extremis, suffering from all the symptoms of hydrophobia. Then, as a *dernier ressort*, Dr. Murri injected the Pasteurian virus directly into a vein, and this modified treatment was continued practically till April 7. By April 10 the patient, previously at death's door, could get up, and from that date onwards to April 17 (the latest date recorded) his improvement was most satisfactory, his symptoms having disappeared, and his nervous system having almost recovered its normal functions.

Now, it may be too early, it is true, to be jubilant over the success of science in saving a human being from one of the most terrible of impending deaths, but I think we are justified, at least, in presuming that the bold treatment of Professor Murri must have operated in a fashion appreciable enough to those who have studied the Pasteur method or germ science at large. The opponents of Pasteurism, who are not numerous—among scientific people I mean—but whose opposition finds in repetition of already exploded ideas what it lacks in force, will, of course, be ready to assert that the patient here was made ill by the treatment he received at Dr. Murri's hands. This view is one which discounts and overlooks completely the fact of the patient's actual injury by a dog proved to have been rabid. I have read with great care the paper written by Dr. Hime on this case, and I think he establishes his conclusions that not only was this a case of actual cure of hydrophobia by the employment of Pasteur's method in a new fashion, but also that it is both certain the patient had developed the disease, and that the disease was due, not to the original treatment first pursued, but to the bite of the dog.

It may be of interest to some of my readers who live in snake countries to know that success has apparently attended the use of strychnine administered as a remedy for serpent bites. In some of the reported cases, the patients seem to have recovered when they were at death's door. Chloride of gold has also been vaunted as a remedy, but Mr. A. A. Kanthack says that he has no great faith in this substance—at least, when used as a remedy for cobra-poison. The unfortunate part of the matter is that the poison of one species of snake seems to differ from that of another in its nature, and the antidotes must presumably vary also in kind. Strychnine seems, however, worthy of a wider trial.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. THOMPSON (Derby).—Glad to hear from you again. We trust the new problem will be as successful as your last contribution.

O. J. CORNELIS (Rotterdam).—You have not examined the problem carefully. After Black plays 1. B to R 7th, 2. Kt to K 5th is the continuation.

C. B. COZENS (Winnipeg, Canada).—The following moves solve the problem: 1. Kt to Q 2nd, P to Q 4th; 2. Kt to K 3rd, any move; 3. Q mates.

FRANZ KELLNER (Vienna).—Corrected problem to hand.

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—Many thanks. It shall have our attention in due course.

O. JAMES (Sheffield).—We are obliged for the games, which we have played over, but they are not good enough for publication.

F. F. G. (Kensington).—Your problem is correct, but the idea employed is very old and well known.

N. HARRIS.—Is there not also a solution by 1. Q to Kt 8th, Kt to B 3rd; 2. Q to R 8th, K moves; B mates?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2509 to 2511 received from B. W. La Mothe (New York); of No. 2512 from Charles Burnett and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2513 from P. P. Leyden (Galloway), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Charles Burnett, J. T. Bowner (Dublin), Herbert Horner, and G. Bull (Colchester); of No. 2514 from R. W. Lamb (Oporto), John G. Grant, Castle Lea, Charles Burnett, Dr. Waltz, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Herbert Horner, and Frederick Bull.

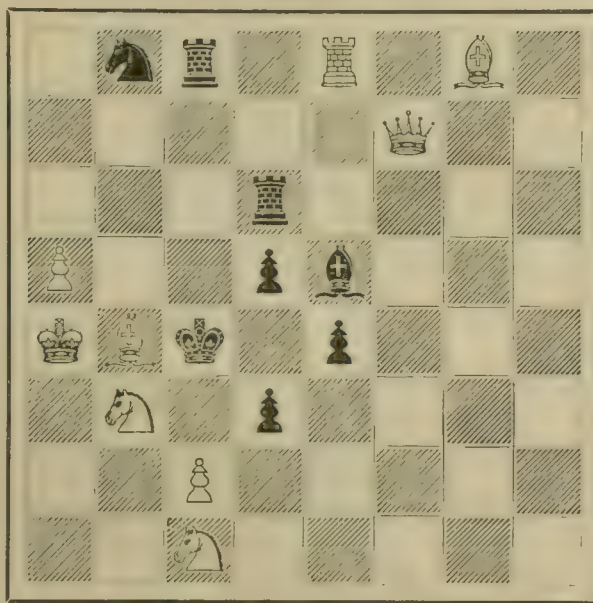
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2513 received from D. McCoy (Galloway), E. H. Anglin, M. Burke, Shadforth, J. C. Ireland, Walter W. Hooper (Plymouth), Monty, H. Winters (Canterbury), Fr. Fernando (Paris), Hereward, W. H. Raille, Blunt, John G. Grant, Sorrento (Dawlish), Martin F. Charles Burnett, T. G. (Ware), A. H. C. Hamilton, L. Schlu (Vienna), Dr. Waltz, Lieut.-Col. Lorraine (Brighton), J. Coad, J. Ross (Whitley), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. Hall, W. R. B. (Plymouth), N. Harris, T. Roberts, G. Jorey, C. E. Perugini, J. Halliday Cave, Joseph Willcock (Chester), M. A. Eyre (Dedham), R. H. Brooks, W. Wright, L. Desanges, Admiral Brandreth, J. F. Moon, H. B. Hurford, H. S. Brandreth, J. W. Blagg, J. Neumann, P. Daly, W. Percy Hind (Salford), Julia Short (Bath), Dr. F. St. F. Sharp (Leeds), and W. Vincent.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2513—By H. F. L. MEYER.  
The Author's solution is 1. B to R 4th; but Kt takes P is equally effective.

## PROBLEM No. 2517.

By D. E. H. NOYES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. MORTAU and KUP.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. R to K 5th	R to K sq
2. P to K B 3rd	P to K B 3rd	20. R to K sq	Kt takes B
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	21. Kt takes Kt	B to B 5th
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	22. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th
5. P takes P	Kt to Q 4th	23. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	24. P to Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
7. P takes P	P takes P	25. B takes B	P takes B
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	26. K to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd
9. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 5th	27. Kt to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 6th
10. Kt to K 5th	P to Q B 4th	28. R takes R	Q takes R
		29. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 2nd
		30. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt
		31. P takes B	Q to Q 4th (ch)
		32. K to B 2nd	R to K sq
		33. Kt to B 4th	Q to B 2nd
		34. Kt to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 5th
		35. K to Kt 2nd	P to Q 4th
		36. Q to B 2nd	P takes P
		37. P takes K	P takes P (ch)
		38. K to B sq	R to K 6th
		39. Q to Kt 3rd	

So far the game has gone strictly in accordance with the authorities, but the usual move here is Q to B 2nd, and the play proceeds P to K B 4th, B to Q 3rd, P to Q 4th, Castles, &c.

Kt to R 3rd is a better move; the Kt was well posted, and should not have been moved.

11. P to Q B 3rd Q to Q 3rd

12. P to Q 4th P to Kt 3rd

13. P to Q Kt 4th Kt to Kt 2nd

14. Kt to Q B 4th

Q to Q sq

15. B to K 3rd B to B 2nd

16. Q to K 2nd Castles

17. P to B 3rd P takes P

18. Kt takes P Kt to Q 4th

19. K to Q 2nd

A bold move. B to Q 2nd would have

The only move to save the game.

39. Q takes Q

40. P takes Q R takes Kt

41. K to B 2nd R takes P

Drawn game.

Amusing offhand game between Mr. TINSLEY and an AMATEUR.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (A.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P takes B	P takes P
2. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P		
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to B 4th		
5. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
6. B takes P	P to K 2nd		
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th		
8. Castles	P takes P		
9. B takes P	P to Q B 3rd		
10. K to R sq	B to K 3rd		
11. P to Q K 4th	B takes B P		
12. R to K sq	B to K 3rd		
13. Kt to B 3rd	B to R 4th		
14. P to Q 5th			

This can scarcely be sound, but to waste time in defence would mean the loss of the game.

Herr Lasker will visit New York next winter, when he will give chess exhibitions at the invitation of the Manhattan Club. He will also challenge the leading American players to contest a series of short matches.

Mr. Steinitz has challenged M. Tschigorin to play another match by cable for 1000 dollars a-side, which the Russian champion has accepted. The contest will commence at an early date.

## SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 10d.  
Six months, 14s. Christmas Half-Year, 18s. 10d.  
Three months, 7s. Christmas Quarter, 8s. 10d.

Copies will be supplied direct from the Office to any part of the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands, for any period, at the rate of 6d. for each Number, paid in advance.

ABROAD.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 17s. 0d.  
Six months, 17s. 4d. Christmas Half-Year, 19s. 8d.  
Three months, 8s. 8d. Christmas Quarter, 11s. 0d.

THIN EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 12s. 7d.  
Six months, 15s. 2d. Christmas Half-Year, 17s. 5d.  
Three months, 7s. 7d. Christmas Quarter, 9s. 10d.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

In that oasis of wood and water and well-kept green-sward, the garden of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park, there has been a charming show, mingling those two types of freshness, hope, and sweetness—childhood and flowers. It was an entire novelty in this country, having altogether a bright, gay, foreign air, and some eight thousand fashionable visitors congregated to witness the spectacle. Along the broad walk of the gardens paced slowly a delightful procession of children, all bedecked with flowers, and bearing themselves, for the most part, with that graceful unconsciousness which is the prerogative of their years. There were in all thirty-five entries for the various prizes, but in several instances three or four, and in one case even six, children were attendant on a single central figure.

Thus, the prize given for "the best of the whole display" was awarded to Mrs. Sperling for a palanquin decorated profusely with roses intermingled with maidenhair fern and various grasses; beneath the pale-green gauze curtains slumbered a tiny baby of some three summers, so lovely with her golden curls and rosy cheeks that, as she slept calmly through the entire first parade, everybody thought her a wax-work figure! But, behold! when the second or royal parade came on, an hour later, Miss had wakened up, and sat in her palanquin, looking round with bright eyes as she was borne along by four small lads in white and scarlet Indian attire, with faces and bare feet bronzed. Another pretty exhibit in the same class was a hammock elaborately decorated with flowers, in which, slung on a pole, bearers clad in Liberty silk carried a sweet-faced little maiden in pink. The first prize for children's decorated mail-carts went to Mrs. Chamberlain's two little girls with fair hair and yellow and white draperies; but their little cart, with its marguerites and ferns, was neither so elaborate nor so beautiful as Mrs. Lepper's, which was adorned with lilies and roses mingled with delicate ferns on the spokes and hub of the wheels, the shafts, and a canopy erected above the little rider. A small boy dressed as a railway porter, trundling a flower-laden trolley, a swan with gilded neck and head guided by a tiny Lohengrin with chains of blossoms, florally adorned tricycles, goat-carts, ponies, and finally pretty little maidens decorated with blossoms in various ways, made up a most attractive display.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, in plain mourning attire, distributed the prizes. Among the general company most attention was gained by the wife and daughter of the Chinese Ambassador. They were dressed in the loose robes familiar to us in the pictures of Chinese dames on tea-chests, the elder lady's being a grey top and black beneath, the younger one's a bright blue, with black bands round the edges elaborately embroidered with gold and many colours. Their hair, worn uncovered, was coal black, and was plastered so flat to the brow and top of the head that it looked not a bit like hair, but like a painted adornment; at the back it was formed into an elaborate chignon of plaits, decorated with immense plate-like ornaments of uncut precious stones. With their almond eyes, their olive skin, their absolutely smooth, unlined countenances, and, above all, their tiny feet, they looked like animated pictures and drew immense notice. However, they walked about calmly, and apparently fairly at ease on their tiny feet clad in impossible little pointed shoes of blue silk about six inches long.

Poor little feet! How long will it be, I wonder, before that unspeakably and utterly foolish custom dies out amid Chinese ladies? Well, perhaps we European women have no right to criticise, so long as equally unnatural waists appear at every turn amid our sisters; Chinese ladies may well invite us to convert to common-sense, in regard to deformities for fashion's sake, those of our own race and tongue in the first place. There can be no doubt, anatomically speaking, that the pinching of the waist is the most injurious kind of self-distortion that can be practised, since it affects organs vital to health and to the most important functions. But the power of fashion, the convention of the hour, is unlimited, even in the domains of morals and of thought; how much more so must we expect to feel its power in this matter of dress, wherein only the lower emotions, vanity, and desire for admiration are concerned? It is a well-known fact that the secluded women of the East pity us European women extremely for our freedom. They look upon it as an insult to us that we should not be considered by the men to whom we belong worth being perpetually watched over and guarded. They maintain that even a neglected wife is more valued and treasured among them, because she is shut in behind her harem walls, than is the most beloved English wife who is left to her own care in absolute freedom. Thus can vanity and convention distort our views of life as a whole. Little feet and pinched waists are only other illustrations of the power of the same forces.

In many a home to-day there are serious differences about the pending elections. But one of the first lessons we should learn is that of the good old toast, "May difference of opinion never alter friendship." If we reflect how little influence the action of one individual can have on outside affairs, and how supreme is the duty of keeping peace at home, we may surely (on both sides) agree, if so it happens, to differ amicably. With reasonable tact and temper, it is quite possible for the inmates of one home not only to think diversely, but each to act in support of his own opinions, without personal ill-will or private squabbles. I was accidentally witness the other day of an amusing little scene, which shows how such matters may be managed. A successful literary lady, who is a warm Gladstonian, has a husband who is an ardent Conservative. This lady makes a good income by her pen, but it is never applied to the general expenses of the household. She buys with her earnings certain luxuries and pleasures that otherwise would be necessarily done without. That bronze was purchased with the profit on this book; one of her boys went to Egypt last winter by means of what she earned from such a paper; and so on. Among other things, she has bought two carriages. Her husband keeps the horses, and has a vehicle or two of his own. He came in, and, with a quizzical look, announced that he had promised to lend his carriages for the polling-day to the Conservative party. "Well—yours, not mine," she said, good-temperedly but quite firmly. He laughingly told her that hers were the best, and, for their social credit, she had better lend them. "No, no!" said she, still amiably, "I couldn't let 'Gilbert Gaffer's Story' help to keep Mr. Gladstone out of office!" And I am sure that she will abide by her word. "How wrong of her to thwart her husband!" somebody may say. But, then, remember that but for her the carriages would not have been there to use at all. What struck me in the incident was the perfect good temper on both sides, and the realisation that it is foolish and wrong to quarrel over the existence in another mind of opinions that are not on all fours with our own. May that tolerant and gracious spirit be maintained wherever domestic differences on politics exist!



*Pitt.**For.**Wilberforce.**Canning.**Cobdett.**Brougham.**Gladstone.**O'Connell.**Russell.**Graham.**Peel.**Stanley.**Cobden.**Palmerston**Bright.**Disraeli.**Parnell.**Gladstone.*



MAPLE and CO.

BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

1000 BED-ROOM SUITES to select from. The largest and most complete assortment of well-made bed-room furniture in the world. Every variety of style and size in all woods, marked in plain figures, and conveniently arranged in communicating show-rooms, so that intending purchasers can examine and compare the different suites. On dull days and at dusk the show-rooms are illuminated by electricity.

FURNITURE.

BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

THE LYNTHURST SUITE, consisting of a 6ft. wardrobe, with plate-glass door, and centre fitted with convenient trays and drawers; double washstand, with marble top, high tiled back, and shelf beneath; toilet table, with large landscape glass, jewel, and other drawers and brackets; pedestal cupboard, towel airer, and three chairs, in ash or hazelwood, 18 Guineas. Designs free.

FURNITURE.

BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

THE TORQUAY SUITE is a very handsome set in hazelwood and ash, and consists of wardrobe with bevelled plate-glass door and well-carved panels; washstand with high-tiled back, marble top and cupboard beneath; toilet table with bevelled glass, jewel drawers, and bottom shelf, towel airer, and three chairs, £15 10s.

ELECTRO-PLATE.

SUPERIOR ELECTRO-PLATE.

MAPLE and CO.'S ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS are of superior quality, having an extra heavy deposit of Silver, so that the articles will look well, and stand the test of years of constant use. An extensive Gallery has just been set apart exclusively for the exhibition of Electro-plated and Sterling Silver Wares.

MAPLE and CO. are SHOWING HIGH-CLASS TEA and COFFEE SETS at from 52s. 6d. to 20 guineas; Cruet Frames, complete, from 18s. 6d.; Breakfast Dishes, from 7s. 6d.; Entrée Dishes, from 25s.; besides Claret Jugs, Tankards, Salad Bowls, Salvers, Spirit Frames, Biscuit Boxes, and other articles specially suitable for Wedding and Complimentary Presents.

CUTLERY.

IRONMONGERY.

MAPLE and CO. have also a most extensive ASSORTMENT of all the Finest and Best Qualities of TABLE CUTLERY, as well as of every description of Copper Goods, Ironmongery, and Culinary Utensils. They supply and furnish a Kitchen with these Requisites for £8 3s. 6d., or with a larger stock for £16 4s. Detailed List post free.

MAPLE &amp; CO

LIMITED,

Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

10,000 BEDSTEADS,

BRASS AND IRON,

IN STOCK,

From 9s. 9d. to 150 Guineas.



Illustrated Catalogues  
Post Free.

The above BLACK AND BRASS BEDSTEAD, with the PATENT WIRE WOVE MATTRESS, complete.  
3ft., 38s.; 3ft. 6in., 42s.; 4ft., 49s. 6d.; 4ft. 6in., 52s. 6d.

SEAMLESS CARPETS.

MAPLE and CO.—CARPETS WOVEN by NEW LOOMS.—MAPLE and CO. have much pleasure in recommending these novelties in Square Carpets, in which the appearance and durability of the fabric is greatly improved, while the cost is considerably lessened. BRUSSELS and WILTON SQUARE CARPETS have hitherto been made by the widths being sewn together, and then a border being added. This has occasioned a number of joins, besides a great waste in matching.

MAPLE and CO.—PARQUET and SEAMLESS CARPETS in Brussels and Wilton Pile.—These Carpets, in which not only seaming but all waste in "matching" is avoided, were introduced by MAPLE and CO., and have met with the greatest appreciation. The new designs and colourings are exceedingly attractive, and in excellent taste. These Carpets, being of superior quality, will wear admirably.

MAPLE and CO., LONDON, PARIS, and SMYRNA.

MAPLE and CO.,

IMPORTERS of JAPANESE PAPERS

THE FINEST COLLECTION in LONDON. MAPLE and CO. IMPORT JAPANESE PAPERS direct from Tokio in very large quantities, thus saving all intermediate profits, so that they are able to ask much lower prices than usually charged. Maple and Co.'s variety, too, is by far the largest in the kingdom, and intending purchasers should not fail to see their selection.

JAPANESE PAPERS.—In original native designs; also reproductions of the English and Continental Schools, as well as old Cordova leather, by native artists. These papers are remarkable alike for their full low-toned colours and distinctive originality, affording agreeable surprises of effect, and much appreciated for wall hangings and other decorative purposes.

WALL PAPERS.

THE LARGEST AND BEST COLLECTION of ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS in London, including all the choicest productions of the first artists and manufacturers. Intending purchasers will not only see all the prettiest papers at MAPLE and CO.'S, but will also find the prices most moderate.

MAPLE and CO. SUPPLY all the NEW WALL PAPERS by the piece, so that country customers can have them hung by local workpeople. The largest and best collection, all ready for immediate delivery, at wholesale prices, at from 4½d. per piece. Patterns sent for choice.

DECORATIONS.

ART DECORATORS.

DESIGNERS OF DECORATIVE WOODWORK.—MAPLE and CO. have on view in their show-rooms examples of Elizabethan and other Wood Panellings, Decorated Ceilings, Moorish Arches, Screens in Mishrabiya Work, Dadoes in Oak and Walnut, as well as in Tynecastle Tapestry, Anaglypta, Calcorion, Lignomur, and other decorative fabrics in all the newest and best designs. All decorations are carried out by Maple and Co.'s own workpeople.

DECORATORS.

DECORATIVE and STRUCTURAL WORK.—Artistic Decorations and Fittings simultaneously carried out, thus securing a complete and unbroken harmony of effect. An experienced architect or clever designers are sent on application to advise as to proposed work, and submit a scheme with estimate. Plain and artistic decorations are all executed by MAPLE and CO.'S own workpeople.

CARPETS.

ENGLISH CARPETS.

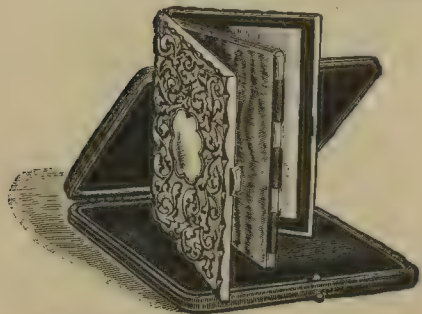
AXMINSTER CARPETS.—As regards prices, MAPLE and CO. give their customers the full benefit which naturally accrues from the enormous contracts they are able to place with the manufacturers—contracts which, in many cases, allow the manufacturers to keep their workpeople fully employed through the dull part of the year.

# GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, W.

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN THE WORLD OF  
NOVELTIES IN SOLID SILVER SUITABLE FOR  
WEDDING AND COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

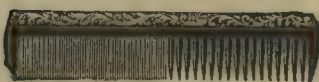


Richly Chased Solid Silver Lady's Card Case,  
Lined Silk, with Silver Pencil, £3.



Richly Chased Solid Silver Backed  
Hat Brush, 10s.

ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE  
POST FREE.



Richly Chased Solid Silver Backed  
Comb, 15s.

AWARDED  
NINE GOLD  
MEDALS.



Richly Chased and Pierced Solid  
Silver Thermometer, 15s.

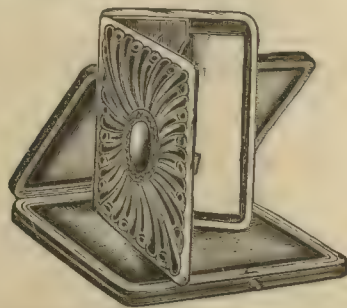


Richly Fluted Solid Silver Mirror, height 10½ in., £2 10s.

AWARDED  
THE CROSS OF THE  
LEGION OF HONOUR.



Elaborately Chased and Pierced Solid  
Silver Cabinet Frame, £1 2s. 6d.



Elegantly Fluted Solid Silver Lady's Card  
Case, with Silver Pencil, £3.



Richly Chased Solid Silver Backed  
Cloth Brush, 16s.

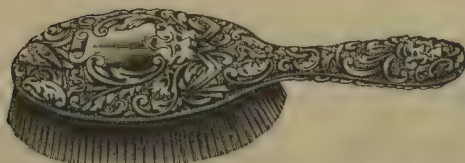
GOODS FORWARDED  
TO THE COUNTRY  
ON APPROVAL.



Richly Chased Solid Silver Comb Tray,  
£1 4s.

## CAUTION.

The GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY regret to find that some of their designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement. They beg to notify that their goods can only be obtained at  
112, REGENT STREET, W.



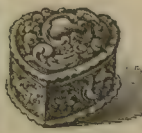
Richly Chased Solid Silver Backed Hair Brush, £1 15s.



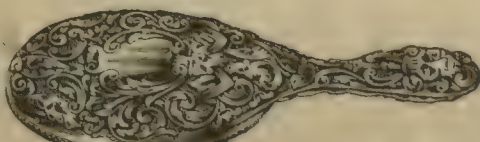
Elegantly Fluted Solid Silver Pin  
Tray, 15s.



Beautifully Chased Solid Silver Brush Tray, 22.



Richly Fluted  
Solid Silver Heart  
Box, 13s. 6d.



Richly Chased Solid Silver Mirror, full size, £3 10s.

GOLDSMITHS' &amp; SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W. Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I can remember as distinctly as possible the Bateman furore at the Adelphi and the days of the English "Leah." Possibly, I shall be accused of extravagance if I throw out a hint that if it had not been for Miss Bateman's success as the forsaken Jewess in those long ago days we might never have seen Henry Irving at the head of the Lyceum and the acknowledged leader of the dramatic army in the last half of the present century. How do I arrive at that conclusion? Well, thus. The success of Kate Bateman brought her father, "Colonel" Bateman, in our midst. Now, the good old "Colonel" was nothing if not an enthusiast. First of all, he believed in his family; secondly, he believed in himself; thirdly, he believed in Henry Irving. The triumph of "Leah" settled old Bateman in London. He started as a showman, and became an authority. He came among us comparatively unknown, and left us honoured and respected. Although it is quite untrue to say that old "Colonel" Bateman became the lessee of the Lyceum to "exploit" Henry Irving, still he was sharp enough to recognise the fact that Irving was the coming man after the success of "The Bells," and from that hour he was an Irving worshipper, and, as a matter of course, at the end of the Bateman régime at the Lyceum Henry Irving ascended the managerial throne, and has reigned there to the delight of his contented subjects ever since. But to go back to "Leah" and the Batemans. Miss Kate Bateman had made her first appearance at the St. James's Theatre years before as one of the "Bateman children." She and her elder sister appeared in various Shaksperian characters. Few, however, now living remember much of the experiment. The sisters grew up. One married and left the stage; the other stuck to her calling. After a hard-working life in America, the play of "Deborah," by Mosenthal, was suggested to the active and enthusiastic Augustin Daly, journalist and playwright. Ristori had played Deborah in America, and so had Janauschek. "Why should it not be adapted for an English actress?" thought the clever Augustin Daly. No sooner said than done. The handsome Kate Bateman was the very actress for Leah. She had been well taught from infancy. Her parents were both on the stage and of the stage. Her style was cold, clear cut, and emphatic. Her elocution was admirable. She might not have the finish of Ristori or Janauschek, but she was designed by nature for Leah. The play made an immense success in America, and though they are always telling us that more money is made in one week in America than in one month in England, still, somehow or other, these star actors and actresses always seem to sacrifice their American earnings for a London reputation. Sothorn made a hit as Lord Dundreary in America; but he came to London, and there abided. Jefferson Owens, Booth, Emmett, somehow or other, found time to spare in order to visit London, and, true to this practice, the Batemans relinquished their American dollars and "put up" at the Adelphi in the reign of Benjamin Webster. The Daly version of Mosenthal's play was, of course, brought over, and John Oxenford—why, I never could conceive—was asked to touch it up for the English market. What he did to it no one ever knew or cared. But there it was, and in less time than it takes me to tell it Miss Bateman as Leah became the talk of the town. If you want to read all about it and to learn how Leah and Deborah were played by Miss Bateman and Ristori respectively, you should turn to the pages of Professor Henry Morley's "Journal of a London Playgoer," which has

recently been reprinted, and is about the only authentic record of the stage in the early sixties.

I remember the performance distinctly, for it was one of the first plays that I criticised for a London newspaper. John Billington was the lover, and handsome Henrietta Simms the interesting Magdalena, and Tom Stuart was the grandfather Jew, and the apostate schoolmaster was to my mind most admirably played by Arthur Stirling. Miss Bateman's Leah was a forcible, telling, and admirable embodiment. The curse was splendid and effective, and the only fault I could find with the performance was a certain mechanism in style. We were not quite carried away. Occasionally we could hear the wheels of the machinery. The scene with the child, for instance, was theatrically effective, but to me it was not quite natural. It made many people cry, I know, but it left me—and I am not unsusceptible—unmoved. I always thought that it was the situation that moved the audience more than the actress. But that is neither here nor there. If I even in those early days discovered the mechanism, others did not, and though London was divided into opposing camps about the new actress, she was splendidly "worked," and the success of the play was undoubted. But I must honestly own that if Miss Bateman failed to stir my emotions in 1863, far less did Madame Sarah Bernhardt impress me as Leah in 1892. The splendid artist who only a few days before thrilled her audience as Floria Tosca and Marguerite Gauthier left us wholly unmoved after the screamings of the virago-like Jewess. If there is one character ever written for a star actress that wants dignity and repression it is Leah. But Madame Sarah Bernhardt would not have it so. She had no "language but a cry." No doubt the French version of the German play by M. Albert Darmont is about as bad as it well can be, but the best version in the world would have been valueless with such a strange reading of the woman's character. To make amends for the Leah, we are promised, however, a few nights of "Theodora," a part which I am astonished to see in some quarters classed as one of Sarah Bernhardt's failures. On the contrary, it is absolutely one of the best things the great actress has ever done. The scene with the old hag at the lions' den, the scene with her lover on the bench, and the murder of the tortured wretch with her hair-pin are among the very finest moments of this versatile genius. If she only plays Theodora as she did one night at the Gaiety, when the people stood up in the stalls with excitement, there will be very few to declare that Theodora is one of the great Sarah's failures.

I wonder, by-the-way, if my friend Mr. Dagonet, whose nervous organisation I have disturbed, has ever alluded to a certain great artist as "Rachel." He could never have been vulgar enough to have done such a thing. He could never have condescended to belittle thus the great profession in which he takes so serious an interest. He would, of course, in alluding to Rachel, have mentioned her as Madame Rachel Félix. And yet Rachel was her Christian name, just as Sarah is the Christian name of Madame Bernhardt. Why should it be discreet to call Madame Félix Rachel, and dreadfully offensive to allude to Madame Bernhardt as Sarah? For the life of me, I cannot see the difference. French writers and critics invariably talk of "Rachel" and "Sarah," and for years they alluded to M. Frederic Lemaître as Frederic, or *la grand Frederic*. I should very much like to be instructed on this point. Further, I would ask, as we are discussing matters of taste, why an anonymous article written in a certain journal should be plastered on the back of a certain public writer, and that certain writer charged with having

written it, absolutely, without any evidence whatever that this is the case? I took the trouble the other day to bring a gentleman to book for assuming I wrote a certain article and arguing to my detriment on that assumption. For the unsigned articles that I write I am in no sense responsible. They belong to the paper, not to me. They are often cut down, frequently edited, often judiciously corrected, sometimes added to. But nowadays it is the common practice to make a certain writer or critic personally responsible for every word that occurs in the newspaper to which he contributes. I don't want to shirk the responsibility; I should like to have it. I wish from my heart that all critical articles were signed in every newspaper in the kingdom. If I had been allowed to sign my articles for the last thirty years, I should be a far richer man than I am at present. But, as matters stand now on the half-and-half anonymous system, we individually are held personally responsible for unsigned critical comment, and have not the innumerable advantages of the signed system. Whether it was wise or foolish, or in good taste or bad taste, to allude to Madame Bernhardt in the French fashion by her Christian name is a fair matter for discussion. I, for one, don't object to it, particularly when my schoolmaster is so courteous as Mr. Dagonet. But to say that Mr. Clement Scott was the author of an unsigned article, whether true or not, is indefensible.

The Inns of Court Volunteers, the Artists' Corps, the 1st Middlesex Engineers, and the 4th Middlesex were inspected in Hyde Park on Saturday, June 25, by Colonel Gascoigne, commanding the South London Volunteer Brigade; the Engineer Volunteers were inspected also by Colonel Athorpe. Similar inspections of other corps took place at the Tower, in the grounds of Lambeth Palace, and elsewhere in London.

Manchester and Liverpool are expecting to receive a magnificent gift, for charitable purposes, through the bequest of the late Mr. David Lewis, the founder and proprietor of large establishments in the retail clothing, drapery, and haberdashery trade in both those cities. He has left nearly all his money, after the death of a brother in New South Wales, to his nephew, Mr. Benjamin Wolfe Levy, and to Mr. G. J. Cohen, who will, in accordance with his wishes, make it over to trustees for some benevolent local objects. The amount now in hand is about £200,000, which may possibly be increased to £350,000 before it comes to be so applied. Mr. A. B. Forwood, M.P., and Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, M.P., are to nominate a committee of advice.

The launch of H.M.S. St. George, one of the nine protected cruisers, of the first class, to be provided under the naval defence scheme of 1889, took place on June 23, at Earles' Shipbuilding Company's yard, Hull, where also the sister-ship Endymion was built. The ceremony was performed by Lady George Hamilton, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty. This ship, which is rather larger than the Endymion, having a displacement of 7700 tons, is strongly constructed of iron, with a double bottom and compartments in the machinery space, which is protected by six-inch steel armour; there is a protective steel deck 2½ in. thick. The twin screws are to be worked by engines of aggregate 12,000-horse power, giving a full speed of twenty knots an hour. She will be armed with two nine-inch breech-loading guns, protected by shields, with ten six-inch quick-firing guns on the upper and main decks, protected by shields or armoured casemates, and with many small guns and torpedoes.

# HAY FEVER

POSITIVELY CURED AND PREVENTED BY THE

## CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL.

TESTIMONIALS.

**HAY FEVER.**—Colonel C. E. MACDONALD, 65, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W., writes, Jan. 9, 1891: "My daughter received much benefit from the Carbolic Smoke Ball when suffering from a severe attack of Hay Fever and Asthma, other remedies having failed."

**HAY FEVER.**—Major ROWLAND WEBSTER, Surrendale Place, Sutherland Avenue, W., writes, Jan. 15, 1891: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball gave me entire satisfaction last summer. I unintentionally got into a field where hay-making was going on, and I was not inconvenienced by it. I have not been able to do such a thing for the last twenty years without suffering frightfully."

**HAY FEVER.**—FREDERICK MEAD, Esq., Lyric Club, writes, Jan. 2, 1891: "I had suffered severely with Hay Fever for several years during the summer months, and was disturbed almost nightly with Hay Asthma, but found immediate relief from the first trial of the Carbolic Smoke Ball last year, and from that time have never had a single night's rest interfered with by the Hay Asthma."

**HAY FEVER.**—Miss ADA S. BALLIN, Lecturer to the National Health Society, writes: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball gives rapid relief in Asthma, and that other despair of the doctors, Hay Fever, for which no cure has hitherto been discovered."

**HAY FEVER.**—The Rev. Dr. BULLOCK writes: "Those who are troubled with Hay Fever will do well to try the Carbolic Smoke Ball. From practical testimony we can certify that it gives great relief."

**HAY FEVER.**—Colonel W. C. WESTERN, 33, Palace Gardens Terrace, W., writes, Jan. 2, 1891: "After using the Carbolic Smoke Ball three times a day for about two weeks, my daughter was cured of Hay Fever. She thinks it an excellent remedy for Hay Fever and colds."

One CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL will last a family several months, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price, 10s. post free. The CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL can be refilled, when empty, at a cost of 5s. post free. ADDRESS:

# CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.,

27, PRINCE'S STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.



**COLDS.**—Madame ADELINA PATTI writes from Craig-y-Nos Castle: "Madame Patti has found the Carbolic Smoke Ball very beneficial indeed, and the only thing that would enable her to rest well at night when having a severe cold."

**ASTHMA.**—CHARLES MOORE, Esq., of Westgate-on-Sea, writes, Oct. 9, 1891: "It has afforded immense relief to my wife, who has suffered severely from Bronchial Asthma. When I bought the ball she was unusually bad. It acted like magic."

**BRONCHITIS.**—Dr. H. G. DARLING, M.D., Linden Cottage, Shepherd's Well, Kent, writes April 18, 1892: "I had used the Carbolic Smoke Ball only a few times when it gave me immediate relief—although I am eighty-three years of age and have suffered more than one-third of that time from Bronchitis complicated with Asthma."

**CATARH.**—Rev. HENRY S. LUNN, M.D., writes from 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W., Nov. 16, 1891: "I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Carbolic Smoke Ball. It has been used in my household with the best results in cases of bad Catarrh."

**DEAFNESS.**—J. HARGREAVES, Esq., of Manchester, writes, Aug. 28, 1891: "Since using the Carbolic Smoke Ball I can hear my watch tick three or four inches away, which I have not done for months."

**FOR THE VOICE.**—C. J. BISHENDEN, Esq., writes from Portland Place, W., Jan. 18, 1892: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball does all that is claimed for it. Every singer and speaker should have one, as it is simply invaluable."

**NEURALGIA.**—Mrs. WRIGLEY writes from New Wandsworth, S.W., March 12, 1892: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball has entirely removed the terribly acute neuralgic headaches from which I have suffered for years; I am much stronger in my throat and health generally since using the Ball."



# HAMPTON & SONS'

SANITARY AND  
ELECTRIC ENGINEERS.

DECORATORS.

UPHOLSTERERS.

CABINET AND CARPET  
MANUFACTURERS.

BEDSTEADS.

BEDDING.

ORIENTAL AND ART  
OBJECTS.

CRETONNES.

CURTAINS. LINENS.

CUTLERY AND

ELECTRO-PLATE.

HARDWARE.

ARTISTIC

METAL WORK.

CHINA AND GLASS.

WAREHOUSING

AND REMOVALS.

THE LEADING

LONDON HOUSE

For HIGH-CLASS

ARTISTIC

## FURNITURE

DECORATIONS, CARPETS,

And Interesting Stuffs for Hangings and Furniture Coverings

AT PRICES WITHIN

THE REACH OF ALL.

The keen interest now taken in the successful application of Art to Industry is rapidly creating a demand for Decorations, Furniture, Hangings and Coverings, of an artistic merit and beauty hitherto unknown, because uncalled for

TO MEET THIS NEW DEMAND by supplying the MOST ARTISTIC GOODS, at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE, is the CONSTANT AIM of

# HAMPTON & SONS,

PALL MALL EAST AND COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Works: BELVEDERE ROAD, S.E.

THE TOWER FURNISHING COMPANY.  
Limited, supply GOODS on HIRE direct from Manufacturers; one, two, or three years' credit, without security. Purchasers have the choice of 100 wholesale houses. Call or write for prospectus. Address, SECRETARY, 43, Great Tower St., E.C.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDE and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners St., W.



## COOLING and refreshing are the effects of ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

on the face and hands of ladies playing Tennis, Boating, and all exposed to the hot sun and dust. It removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness of the Skin caused by sea-bathing, soothes and heals Irritation, Stings of Insects, Eczema, &c. Produces soft fair skin and a lovely delicate complexion.

Bottles, 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

ASK FOR ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, of 20, Hatton Garden, which is the most soothing, healing, and curative preparation for the skin in hot weather which has ever been produced. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

## SCRUBB'S (CLOUDY) AMMONIA MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for all Toilet purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.  
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & Co., 15 Red Cross Street, S.E.

"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."—London Medical Record.

This food, which is malted by a patented process, should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is already cooked—requiring neither boiling nor straining.

## Allen & Hanburys' Infants' Food.

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Malted Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted. Medical Testimony and full Directions accompany each Tin. Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Sold everywhere.



MAPPIN BROTHERS,  
QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.  
EVERY ARTICLE OF PLATE & CUTLERY MANUFACTURED AT  
MAPPIN BROTHERS' OWN WORKS IN SHEFFIELD.

"We congratulate Messrs MAPPIN BROTHERS upon the grace, originality and good taste displayed in the new 'Clarence' design of Spoons and Forks."—Lady's Pictorial.

Mappin Brothers' goods can only be obtained at—**220, REGENT STREET, W.  
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., & QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.**



(The Original Firm, Established 1810.)

## MAPPIN BROTHERS

The Only London Show Rooms **220, REGENT STREET, W.**  
and City Warehouse **66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (OPPOSITE KING STREET.)**

SPOONS & FORKS  
OF ALL DESIGNS.

Illustrated Catalogue  
Post Free to  
any part of the world.

"MAPPIN BROTHERS' reputation of  
"eighty years is a guarantee of the  
"high quality of their goods and  
"their STRICTLY MODERATE PRICES."

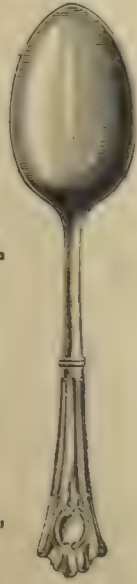


HER MAJESTY'S  
SPECIAL WARRANT

TABLE CUTLERY.

Goods forwarded to  
the Country for  
approval.

"The Largest Stock."  
"The Finest Materials and  
Workmanship."  
"The most Moderate Prices."





## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 8, 1873), with nine codicils (the last dated Dec. 19, 1887), of Major William Lyon, J.P., M.P. for Seaford 1831-2, late of 1, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and of Goring Hall, Sussex, who died on April 5, was proved on June 18 by Lieutenant-General Arthur James Lyon Freemantle, C.B., the nephew, Major-General Julian Hamilton Hall, and James Curtis Leman, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £162,000. The testator bequeaths such of his furniture and effects as she shall select, all his wines and consumable stores, two carriages and three horses, and £1000 to his wife; an annuity of £1000, and his residence, 1, Hill Street, and £4400, upon trust, for her, for life; £200 to each of his executors; and he makes up the fortunes of each of his younger sons Fitzroy David and Nathaniel John, with their respective shares of a legacy of £100,000, under the will of his late father, to £70,000. He charges the property in the parishes of Goring and Ferring, by virtue of the power given to him by the will of his late brother David, with the payment of an additional sum of £400 per annum to his wife, for life, but he does not further exercise the power of appointment given to him over the said property, preferring it should go as limited by his said brother's will. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1892) of the Right Hon. Robert Birmingham, Earl of Leitrim, late of 40, Portman Square, and Mulroy, Milford, county Donegal, who died on April 5, was proved in London on June 17 by the Countess of Leitrim, the widow, Charles John Stewart, and Lord Mostyn, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £146,000. The testator devises the estate of Woodford, or Newtown Gore, county Leitrim, and all other his real estate in Ireland or elsewhere, to his wife, for life, with remainder to his eldest son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. He bequeaths all his jewellery and pictures to his wife, for life, and then to her successor in the Woodford estate; £2000, all his horses, wherever they may be, certain plate of the value of £300, and all his furniture and effects (except plate) in England to his wife; his books and manuscripts, the steamer Ross Gull, and all the effects, live and dead stock at Mulroy to the person who shall succeed him in the possession of the Donegal estates under the Leitrim Estates Act; and legacies to sisters, nephews, agent, clerk of works, clerks in estate office, captain of steamer, butler, coachman, and nurse. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for the person who shall succeed to the Woodford estate.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1890), with three codicils (dated Dec. 19, 1890, and June 15 and Dec. 12, 1891), of the Right Hon. Rudolph William Basil, Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, late of Newnham Paddox, near Lutterworth, Warwickshire, who died on March 10, was proved on June 16 by the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, the son, and Henry Haddon Cave, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £114,000. The testator gives his dwelling-house and grounds in Street Ashton, Warwickshire, with such of his furniture and effects as she shall select, and £5000 to his wife; and legacies to his butler, housekeeper, two bailiffs, domestic servants, and others. He makes ample provision for his younger children, and there are some specific bequests to them and to his brothers

and sisters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, the present Earl.

The will (dated May 28, 1891), with a codicil (dated Dec. 14 following), of the Right Hon. Sir George William Wilsber, Baron Bramwell, P.C., who died on May 9, was proved on June 18 by Alexander Martin Bunster Bremner, Lawrence Colville Jackson, and Cyril Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £60,000. The testator gives his freehold property at Four Elms, Edenbridge, and his residence in Cadogan Place, with all the effects at both places, to Mr. A. M. B. Bremner; and there are numerous pecuniary legacies and annuities to various persons, including an annuity of £500 to his daughter, Jane. The residue of his property he leaves to his executors in equal shares. The witnesses to the will are Lord Field and Lord Hannen, and to the codicil Lord Herschell and Lord Field.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1891) of Lord Arthur John Edward Russell, M.P. for Tavistock 1857-85, late of 2, Audley Square, who died on April 4, was proved on June 20 by Lady Laura Russell, the widow, and Harold John Hastings Russell, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £53,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, 2, Audley Square, with the furniture and effects therein, and his house known as The Ridgeway, Shere, Surrey, with the furniture and effects, to his wife absolutely. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then equally for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1887) of Miss Jane Charlotte Flemming, late of 39, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, who died on May 23, was proved on June 14 by Wickham Flower and Alfred Powell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to the general fund and £1000 to the building fund of the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children; £1000 each to the Field Lane Ragged Schools and Refuge and Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Little Boys; £500 each to the Soldiers' Daughters' Homes (Hampstead), the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), University College Hospital, the Asylum for Fatherless Children (Reedham), and the Free Dispensary (Henstridge Villas, St. John's Wood); and legacies to sister and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her executors, Mr. Flower and Mr. Powell, to the wife and children of Mr. Powell, Miss Jones, and William Stone, in proportion to the amount of the legacies given to them.

The will (dated July 11, 1884) of Mrs. Helen Brymer, late of 76, Pulteney Street, Bath, who died on March 19, was proved on June 3 by Captain Montagu Thomas, R.N., the brother, and Edward Graham Tylee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix exercises in favour of various members of her family the power of appointment given to her by the will of her father, Sir William Lewis George Thomas, Bart., and by the will of her husband, James Snaith Brymer. There are legacies to her executors, and the residue of her property is to be equally divided between her brother, Captain Montagu Thomas, and her sister, Elizabeth Georgina Thomas.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1890) of Mr. George Jones Barker, J.P., formerly of Albrighton Hall, Salop, and late of the Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland Avenue, who died on April 27, was proved on June 1 by Thomas Barker, the brother, and John Raymond Barker, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to each of his brothers Thomas and

John Barnett; £1000 each to his brothers Rowland Vectis and Henry Theodosius and to his sisters, Mrs. Katherine Hickman and Miss Esther Bennett Barker; and £100 to his niece and godchild, Ellen Maria Henrietta Cookes. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son John Raymond Barker.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1879) of Don Vicente Cagigas y Vasela, late of Cadiz, who died on Feb. 5, was proved in London on May 28 by Doña Sabina de las Cagigas, the niece, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £20,000. The testator appoints and constitutes his said niece his sole and universal heiress.

The will and three codicils of the Right Hon. Maria Anne, Baroness Macdonald, late of 20, Chesham Place, who died on April 21 at Folkestone, were proved on May 30 by the Hon. Hugh Henry Hare, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The list of select preachers before the University of Cambridge to the end of the Easter Term, 1893, has been published. It includes all the rising names, including that of Bishop Westcott's son, the Head Master of Sherborne School. A perusal of the list, however, shows that in preaching power the younger clergy of Cambridge are far inferior to their brethren at Oxford. Speaking from a pretty intimate knowledge, I should say that not one among them is in the first rank. In Oxford it would be easy to name at least half a dozen.

Mr. Gladstone is to be the guest of Dr. Paget, the Dean of Christ Church, when he goes to Oxford to deliver his Romanesque lecture. Mr. Gladstone was a warm friend and admirer of Dr. Paget's father-in-law, the late illustrious Dean Church, and prevailed upon him to accept the Deanery of St. Paul's. This affection and esteem were fully reciprocated by Dr. Church, and till the Home Rule controversy he stood by Mr. Gladstone. At that crisis, however, he broke away from the allegiance of many years.

Which is the richest Church in the world? According to a High Church authority, the Church of Hungary.

The higher criticism still agitates the Church of England. Although the majority of the Evangelicals and the Catholic party appear inclined to accept it quietly, there is a recalcitrant section in both—the larger being of the Evangelical school. The *Record*, however, which has greatly broadened in view, and is conducted with considerable literary ability, is in favour of calm discussion. Mr. Gore's influence among the High Churchmen has had much effect in soothing down excitement. But some still follow the late Dr. Liddon, among them the Rev. Berdmore Compton, who announces his secession from the English Church Union on the ground that it practically refuses to defend fundamental doctrines of the Church of England against the assaults of the "new criticism."

The curious plagiarism case in the Congregational Union has again emerged, and threatens to give much trouble. It will be remembered that the newly appointed Secretary, the Rev. W. J. Woods, was charged with having "conveyed" the scheme, and to a considerable extent the language and illustrations, of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Oswald Dykes. The sermon has been hunted up, and the part of it not printed in the widely circulated journal where the charge was originally

## SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers,

65 &amp; 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



£5

THE CHEAPSIDE 4-PLATE

KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.

With Chronometer Balance and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong Silver Case with Crystal Glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight. Ditto, in Gold, £12.



£25

LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS

HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, plain polished or richly engraved, 4-plate, finely jewelled movements, Chronometer Balance, specially adapted for all climates.

## CLOCKS.

The Finest Stock in London, at Prices Lower than ever.

## JEWELLERY

A Large and Elegant Stock of every Description.

## SILVER WATCHES

from £2.

## GOLD WATCHES

from £5.



£10

LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS

WATCH,

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

Ditto in Silver, £5.

## GOLD CHAINS

AT

Manufacturers' Prices.



£25

A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 4-PLATE

HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately

timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions.

In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly

embazoned.

Ditto in Silver, £15.



Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.

Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,

"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"

ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch, Clock, &amp; Jewellery Manufacturers, 65 &amp; 64, Cheapside, London.



**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.** desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Piano-forte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is  
**NO. 27, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.**

**GOOD, SOUND SECOND-HAND PIANOS.** returned from hire. Grands, Semi-Grands, and Cottages by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, and other good makers, from £20 to £100. Packed free and forwarded to any part. Descriptive lists free.  
**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W.**

**THE PEACE OF GOD.** By **CH. GOUNOD.** This sacred song has just been composed by Mons. Gounod at the special request of the publishers, and is certainly one of the finest he has ever written.  
**PHILLIPS and PAGE, 8, Oxford Market, W.**

**PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO.,** Pianoforte Manufacturers. Established 1807. These celebrated PIANOS possess artistic qualities not to be found in any other maker. For SALE or HIRE, and on the Quarterly Instalment System.  
**170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.**

**D'ALMAINE and CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS.** Fifty per cent. discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c. Approval, carriage free.  
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.  
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.  
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.  
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 44 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.—**T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 106 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, London.**

**NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.**

**COUSIN CINDERELLA.** By Mrs. PAUL KING. In 2 vols., crown 8vo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE."  
**THAT WILD WHEEL.** By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

Also now Ready.  
**A HIGH LITTLE WORLD, AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.** In 3 vols., crown 8vo.  
**RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, New Burlington Street.**

**NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.**

**MORE KIN THAN KIND.** By B. LOFTUS TOTTEHAM. 3 vols.

**NO PLACE OF REPENTANCE.** By GERTRUDE M. HAYWARD. Author of "Dulcibel." 3 vols.

**OF THE WORLD, WORLDLY.** By Mrs. FORRESTER. Author of "Viva," "My Lord and My Lady," &c. 2 vols.

**ST. MICHAEL'S EVE.** By W. H. DE WINTON. 2 vols.

**A WOMAN AT THE HELM.** By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney," "Evelyn's Career," &c. 3 vols.

**LIGHT IN THE OFFING.** By HILARY DECCAN. 3 vols.

London: HURST and BLACKETT, Limited.

AT ALL LIBRARIES.

**NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY."**

**INGELHEIM.** By the Author of "Miss Molly." 3 vols., crown 8vo, 25s. 6d.

**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.**

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**

No. 921.—JULY 1892.—2s. 6d.  
CONTENTS: THE PROSPECTIVE DECLINE OF LANCAIRE.—THE JACOBITE LORD ALESBURY, by Andrew Lang.—OLD ELECTIONS, by Lord Brahan.—THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS IN MODERN GREECE.—DIANA, Conclusion.—BRITISH NEW GUINEA AS A COLONY, by H. O. Forbes.—A JUNE MIDNIGHT BY LOCH BROIL, by Hugh Miller.—THE GREAT WATER-CRESS THIEF, by E. Gerard.—SIDE-LIGHTS ON UGANDA, by the Rev. Horace Waller.—THE CASE FOR THE GOVERNMENT.  
**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.**

**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE**

(No. 393) for JULY 1892. CONTENTS: I. DON ORSINO. By F. Marion Crawford. Chapters XV.-XVI.

II. MONTAIGNE. By Arthur Tilley.

III. THE FORCES OF DISORDER.

IV. THE BHUT-BABY.

V. MIDSUMMER MAGIC. By Vernon Lee.

VI. EDUCATION FOR THE COLONIES. By Arthur Montefiore.

VII. THE REAL HISTORIAN.

VIII. A LESSON IN THRIFT. By E. Chilton.  
**MACMILLAN and Co., London.**

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED**

MAGAZINE for JULY 1892, price Sixpence, contains: I. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. With Portrait.

II. ROUND HENLEY REACH. Roderick Mackenzie. Illustrated.

III. THE MAN WHO WAS BRAVE. Alan Adair (Mrs. J. Everett-Holloway). Illustrations by R. Catterson Smith.

IV. TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. W. R. Scott. First Sen. Mod. T.C.D. F.R.S.A. (Ireland).

V. HOW TO SPEND A CHEAP HOLIDAY IN NORWAY. Mary Howarth. Illustrations by H. R. Millar.

VI. IN A SCOTCH LOCH. Dix Lerron.

VII. GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY WORKS AT STRATFORD. Alex. P. Parker, Sec. to Loco. Superintendent. With Eighteen Illustrations from Official Photographs.

VIII. RIMINI. Helen Zimmermann. Illustrations by Norberto.

IX. A DEPLORABLE AFFAIR. VIII.-IX. (Concluded). Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke.  
**MACMILLAN and Co., London.**

**EVERYONE should buy the 1892 ELECTION**

RECORDER, giving Names and Politics of Members, with spaces for recording Progress and Party Gains as Election proceeds. Price One Shilling. Sold everywhere.  
**SIMPSON, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KEST, and Co., Ltd., London.**

## CONTINENTAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

Sole Contractor: M. POETZL, Frankfurt-on-Main.

**AIX-LE-CHAP.**—Gr. Monarque, first-rate H., reason. charges. BADEN-BADEN.—Victoria, 1st cl. lift, prom. mod. charges.

" Angletorre, cen. of prom., highly recom. lift. Minerva, Lichtenth Allee, best sit., gard., lift.

**BASLE.**—Three Kings, first class, facing the Rhine, lift. BONN.—Grand Royal, facing the Rhine, park, lift.

**CASSEL.**—König v. Preussen, 1st cl. elec. light, beaut. gard. COLOGNE.—Belle Vue, opp. Pier and Ehrenbreitstein.

**COLOGNE.**—Hôtel du Nord, lift, elec. light, post and telegr., railw. book. off. in the H.

**COLOGNE.**—Hôtel Disch, lift, railway booking-office. EMS.—Angletorre, electric light, beautiful garden.

**FREIBURG I.B.**—Europe, new, 1st cl., near station, elec. light. GENEVA.—National, finest, newest, and only H. with garden.

**HEIDELBERG.**—Prince Charles, nearest the Castle. Victoria, 1st cl. fam. H., most beaut. sit.

**HOMBURG BATH.**—Bellevue, opp. Kurgarden, lift, baths. Victoria, near station, lift, bath.

**INTERLAKEN.**—Victoria, first class, 400 beds, lift, elec. light, magnific. pos.

**KISSINGEN BATH.**—Russie, first class, on the Kurgarden. KREUZNAACHBATH.—Oranienhof, finest posit., own spring.

**LUCERNE.**—Swan lift, H. Haeffl. Victoria, near station, lift, bath. Domest. (Detzer), only front rooms, centre of town.

**MÜNICH.**—Bayrischer Hof, largest, finest H. in town, lift. Bellevue family house, lift, only front rooms.

**NÜRNBERG.**—Bayrischer Hof, G. P. Aulinger's widow. Strauss (Ostlich), first class, lift, G. Todt.

**OSTEND.**—Grand Hôtel des Bains; first class, facing sea. SPA.—Orange Hotel, first class, adjoining baths and Casino.

**STRASBURG.**—Ville de Paris, best hotel in town lift. Avenue et Midi, centre of promenade, near park.

**WIESBADEN.**—Vier Jahreszeiten, Four Seasons H. & L. baths. Rhine Hotel, lift, Weiss Bros., new proprietors.

**WILDBAD (WÜRT.).**—Bellevue, first class, fine situation. Hotel Klump, first class, 2 hydr. lifts.

**ZÜRICH.**—Baur-au-Lac, unrivalled sit., lift, electric light.

**M O N T E C A R L O.**

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it today the resort of the aristocracy of the world. Such a spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

**INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, and**

**BUFFALO BILL'S (Col. W. F. CODY) WILD WEST, Earl's Court, S.W.**

**OPEN DAILY, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.**

Chairman of the Executive Committee, H. E. MILNER, F.L.S., C.E. Secretary, G. A. LOVEDAY, B.A.

**THE FINEST ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BANDS WILL PERFORM EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING.** For particulars see Daily Papers and Official Programmes.

**INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT, S.W.**—The Best English and Foreign Bands will be engaged from time to time. The Exhibition Band—Conductor, J. R. Wellington. The celebrated Cowboy Band—Conductor, W. Sweeney.

**BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.**

For the first time in history will appear a band of COSACKS from the CAUCASUS, commanded by Prince Ivan Makharadze, thus forming a Congress of the horsemen of the world. SIXTH DELEGATION TO CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.—A Band of South American Gauchos. Meeting of Representatives of Primitive Schools of Horsemanship. First time since the Deluge. Such a study of Racial and Geographical extremes. Fifteen Wild Pampa Horses never seen or handled by the Riders. Arena Reconstructed. No mud. No dust. Covered Entrances. Two Performances Daily, 3 and 8 p.m., rain or shine. Boxes £1 5s., £2, and £2 10s. Can be secured at Tree's, 23, Piccadilly.

**INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT, S.W.**—Entrance to Exhibition Grounds, Gardens, and Camp, and to 2500 Free Seats in the Arena, ONE SHILLING. Season Tickets, 10s. 6d. Gates open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

**VENICE.—IMRE KIRALFY'S**

**VENICE.** AQUATIC PAGEANT. 1400 PERFORMERS.

**VENICE.** SCENES OF UNPARALLELED SPLENDOR.

**VENICE.** 34th Performance. New Illuminated.

**VENICE.** VENETIAN PROMENADE GARDENS.

**VENICE.** 15,000 Novel Lights. 10,000 Lanterns.

**VENICE.** REAL CANALS. 14 Miles of Water.

**VENICE.** TWICE DAILY—Twelve to Five and Six to Eleven.

**VENICE.** PRICES, including Seat for Grand Spectacle.

**VENICE.** 1s. to 5s. See daily papers.

**WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.**

An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to

**JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.**

## WESTLEY RICHARDS & CO. LIMD.

ESTABLISHED 1812.

### GUN AND RIFLE MANUFACTURERS.

The only English Gunmakers awarded the GRAND PRIX, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.

**178, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON,**

**AND PRINCE'S CORNER, CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM.**

At both the above establishments we keep a large Stock of

### PATENT EJECTOR GUNS,

ALL KINDS OF GUNS, RIFLES,

REVOLVERS, ROOK AND RABBIT

RIFLES.

**RIFLE AND SHOT GUNS**

FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

For quality, workmanship, and accuracy, our Guns and Rifles cannot be surpassed.

Before ordering Guns, Rifles, or Cartridges of any kind, inspect the large and handsome Stocks at either of the above establishments, or send for Illustrated Catalogue, which will be posted free on application.

**SUMMER HOLIDAYS.**

**TOURS TO WEST COAST AND FJORDS OF**

**NORWAY** and to ST. PETERSBURG. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The first-class Steamers ST. SUNNIVA and ST. ROGNVALD leave LEITH and ABERDEEN for

**TWELVE-DAY CRUISES** on July 2, July 9, July 16, July 23, July 30, Aug. 6, Aug. 13, Aug. 20, and ST. SUNNIVA to COPENHAGEN, ST. PETERSBURG, &c., on Aug. 27. Full particulars and Handbooks, 3d. each, may be had from W. A. Malcolm, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.; Cook and Sons, Ludgate Circus, E.C.; and all Branches; George Hourston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith; and Charles Merrylees, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

**JAPAN AND CHINA SERVICE.**—By the Company's Royal Mail Steam-ship Line, Empress of India, Empress of Japan, and Empress of China. Sailings from Vancouver, Aug. 7, and every three weeks thereafter. Passengers should arrive at New York, Boston, or Montreal seven days before Vancouver sailing date. Electric Light and Excellent Cuisine.

**ROUND THE WORLD.**—By arrangement with the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company and the North Atlantic Lines, the trip can now be made for £125—out by Atlantic, and home by Suez Canal, or vice versa.

**SUMMER TOURS.**—Express Train Service to shooting and fishing grounds, through the finest scenery in the world. Perfectly appointed Drawing-room Cars, Sleeping Cars, and Mountain Hotels.

**EMIGRATION.**—Free Farms and Cash Bonus to each adult settler.

For Tickets, Free Illustrated Guide Books and Maps, apply to CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, 67 and 68, King William Street, London; 7, James Street, Liverpool; 103, Market Street, Manchester; 25, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

**ANNUAL SALE.—REGENT HOUSE.**

J. ALISON and CO. respectfully announce that their Annual Clearance Sale commences MONDAY, JULY 4. Good Reductions in all Departments.—J. ALISON and CO., 238, 240, and 242, Regent Street; 36 and 37, Argyll Street, W.

**BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas."**

CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES. CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES. CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

**BENZINE COLLAS.—Buy "Collas."**

REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE. REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE. FROM FURNITURE, CLOTH, &c.

**BENZINE COLLAS.—Try "Collas."**

See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap. Extra refined, nearly odourless. On using becoming quite odourless.

**BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas"**

Preparation, and take no other. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle. Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford Street, W.

**FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.**

The Acme of Perfection for Fit and Quality. Sixteen different sizes, ready made. 14in. to 18in. neck; 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s.

**FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.**

Special to measure. 30s., 35s., 40s., 45s., 50s., the half-dozen. Illustrated Self-measure post free.

**FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.**

OLD SHIRTS REFRONTED, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.

Superior, 7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.

**FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.**

PATTERNS OF NEW FRENCH PRINTED SHIRTINGS and the OXFORD MAT for making the "EUREKA" SHIRT sent to select from. Six for 30s., carriage free. Write for patterns (free).

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**OIL PORTRAITS.—Messrs. DICKINSON**

and FOSTER undertake Commissions for Portraits in Oil up to life size. Their Studio, 114, New Bond Street, is always open for inspection free.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

**BRIGHTON.**—Cheap First Class Day Tickets

London to Brighton and back every Weekday. From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

Cheap 10s. 6d. 1st-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.

Cheap Saturday and Sunday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday Return Tickets, from London 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.**—Every Weekday Cheap Fast

Trains from Victoria 8.10 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 9.10 a.m., New Cross 9.10 a.m., Norwood Junction 9.25 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 9.30 and 10.15 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.50 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea and Battersea; from Clapham Junction 8.15 and 10.10 a.m. Returning by any Train the same day only.

**EVERY SUNDAY, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS** from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.40 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea and Battersea; from Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., Norwood Junction 9.15 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only.

Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 6s., and 6s. 4d.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY**

**WEEKDAY, CHEAP FAST TRAINS** from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

**EVERY SUNDAY.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS** by all Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.

Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 6s., and 6s. 4d. Returning by any Train same day only.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.**

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1, 2, 3) Paris to London (1, 2, 3)

Victoria .... dep. 9.0 .. 8.50 Paris ..... dep. 9.0 .. 8.50

London Bdge. " 9.0 .. 9.0 London Bdge. arr. 7.0 .. 7.40

Paris ..... arr. 6.50 .. 8.0 Victoria ..... " 7.0 .. 7.50

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

The Morning Departure from London will on July 6, 7, 8, 9, 21, 22, and 23 be postponed until 11.50 a.m., arriving in Paris 10 p.m.

Fares—Single, First 34s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d. Return, First 58s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d.

Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.**—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS** see Time

Books, Tourist Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SARRI, Secretary and General Manager.

**OLD CALABAR DOG BISCUITS**

AND POULTRY FOOD,

WITH MEAT & VEGETABLES

PRICE 20/- PER CWT.

**OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO. LD.**

LIVERPOOL



published has been shown to bear considerable resemblance to another sermon on the same text by the late Dr. Stanford. The matter is before the committee of the Union, and will probably come before the Union itself. The decision will be very important, as giving a kind of sanction, or the reverse, to the practice of pulpit plagiarism.

The Dean of Bristol appears to be a great and growing force in the city of Bristol. In a Nonconformist magazine it is stated that the cathedral services are now largely attended by Nonconformists, and that the enthusiasm for the Dean is great. This is, perhaps, a little surprising, for, though an excellent man, the Dean is scarcely remarkable for learning or genius. But the truth is, probably, that we are witnessing a reaction of the Church from the incubus it endured for many years.

At the public luncheon held at St. Alban's, Holborn, after High Celebration in the church, and a sermon by Father Maturin, Mr. Gainsford Bruce, M.P., proposed the toast of "The Preachers," and said that the attraction of St. Alban's did not consist only in the beauty and reverence of the services, but in the vigour and power of the sermons preached there. Considering that Mr. Bruce is the son of a Presbyterian preacher, and was long himself a leading Presbyterian luminary, this is a significant utterance.

The small collection of pastels by Charles Keene and John Tenniel now on view at the Dowdeswell Gallery has a special interest from a "biographical" point of view, for probably few were aware that either of these artists in black and white had ever worked in pastels. They seem to have been done, also, at a time when that branch of art was altogether ignored, except in private life. But, although it is difficult to identify many of either Keene's or Tenniel's works with the publications in which they are stated to have appeared, there is no reason to doubt that they were intended for reproduction. Some of Keene's renderings of incidents in English history might with advantage have been incorporated in the well-known "Comic History," which appeared about the time (1847) to which these drawings are assigned. Both artists seem to have worked out their ideas of the signs of the Zodiac and the months in an original and humorous fashion; and some of Tenniel's illustrations of Shakspeare seem to be forerunners of the series which appeared at a much later period in *Punch*. The interesting side of the collection is that it shows the two friends, then both young men—and altogether unrecognised by the public or by the proprietors of *Punch*—working with the same medium, and in the same direction, towards a goal which in the case of both was to be profitable but colourless. It is to be hoped that some details will be given of the how and the why of these drawings, of which the history is at present known only to a few.

## OBITUARY.

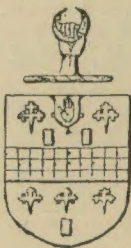
### THE EARL OF HAREWOOD.

The Right Hon. Henry Thynne Lascelles, Earl of Harewood, Viscount Lascelles, and Baron Harewood of Harewood, died at his seat in Yorkshire on June 24. He was born June 18, 1824, the eldest son of Henry, third Earl of Harewood, by Lady Louisa Thynne, his wife, second daughter of Thomas, second Marquis of Bath, K.G., and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He was a J.P. and D.L. of West Yorkshire, and formerly Lieut.-Colonel West Riding Hussars. His lordship married, first, 1845, Lady Elizabeth Joanna, eldest daughter of Thomas, first Marquis of Clanricarde, K.P., which lady died 1854; and secondly, 1858, Diana Elizabeth Matilda, daughter of Colonel John George Smythe, M.P., of Heath Hall, county York. His eldest son, Henry Ulick, Viscount Lascelles, who now succeeds as fifth Earl of Harewood, was born Aug. 21, 1846, and married, Nov. 5, 1881, Lady Florence Katherine Bridgeman, daughter of the third Earl of Bradford.



### SIR JOHN LEES, BART.

Sir John Lees, Bart., of Blackrock, county Dublin, died at his residence, Beachlands, Ryde, Isle of Wight, on June 19. He was born Dec. 31, 1816, the eldest son of the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, second baronet (by Sophia, his wife, daughter of Colonel Thomas Lysten, of Grange, county Roscommon), whom he succeeded in 1852. He was formerly Major 1st Isle of Wight Rifle Volunteers and Captain Hants Militia. In 1839 he married Maria Charlotte, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Sullivan, of the Madras Civil Service, and granddaughter of Sir Richard Sullivan, Bart.



### GENERAL SIR C. C. G. ROSS.

General Sir Campbell Claye Grant Ross, K.C.B., died at Eastbourne on June 20. He was born in 1824, the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Hugh Ross, H.E.I.C.S., of Kerse, Ayrshire, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy. Entering the Indian Army in 1841, he became Colonel and Commandant of the 14th Bengal Native Infantry in 1870; he served against the hill tribes near Peshawar, 1857; in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-8;

and with the Oude column, 1858-9 (wounded—medal, with clasp). He commanded levies in the Umbeyla campaign, 1833 (medal, with clasp), captured the rebel Kour Khan Kasrani (thanked by the Governor of the Punjab), conducted two missions to Khelat, and restored peace to Beloochistan (thanked by Government of India and C.S.I.). In 1882 he married Helen Kate, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Gaisford, formerly of the 72nd Highlanders.

The anxiety of the Indian Government with regard to prospects of bad crops in some districts of Madras and Bengal has been much relieved by seasonable rains.

The Greek steamer Maria, of the Empericos line, bound to Rotterdam with a cargo of corn from the Black Sea, was wrecked near Prawle Point, South Devon, in a fog on June 27, but the crew and passengers were saved.

The gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects has been presented to M. César Daly, the French archæologist, now eighty years old, for his works on architecture and his researches in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, North Africa, and Central America.

A disaster, causing the loss of five lives, took place on Monday, June 27, at Leslie, in Fifeshire. At the Fettykil paper factory a bridge across the river Leven is being constructed. Part of the unfinished structure broke down, and some of the workmen fell into the river. Mr. Gold, the foreman, and four others were drowned.

The distribution of prizes at the Jews' Free School, in Spitalfields, on June 26, was presided over by Lord Rothschild. It seems that this school, having 2100 boys and 1350 girls on its register, with an average attendance of 95 per cent., is the largest elementary school in the United Kingdom. It sent up eleven boys to compete for the fifteen exhibitions of £75 each on the Whitechapel foundation, and ten of the eleven were successful. Its teaching staff numbers a hundred, forty-two of them holding Government certificates. Mr. Moses Angel has been head master over half a century.

The town of Preston, in North Lancashire, a thriving seat of the cotton manufacture, has spent a million sterling in large maritime harbour works, making a channel for ships up the estuary of the Ribble and along that river, and constructing docks, one of which has an area of forty acres. The opening of this, the Albert Edward Dock, on Saturday, June 25, was honoured with the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who was on board a steam-yacht which entered the dock, cutting a riband suspended at the open gate, followed by a procession of steamers and other vessels. His Royal Highness, with Lord Lathom and many other visitors of rank or position, was entertained by the Mayor at the Preston Public Hall.

# IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

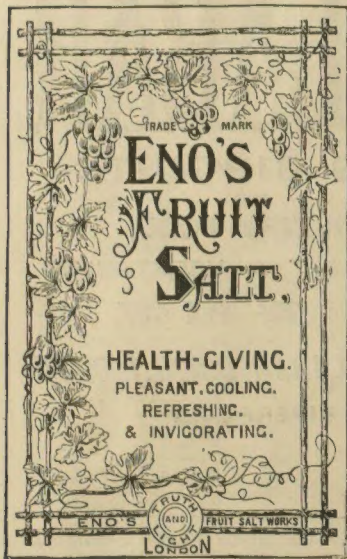
## DON'T GO WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It ought to be kept in every bed-room in readiness for any emergency. It prevents diarrhoea, and removes it in the early stages. The secret of success—Sterling honesty of purpose. Without it life is a sham.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each bottle and see the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

"Among the most useful medicines that have been introduced within the last century is ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' There is no doubt that, where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has, in many instances, prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the 'FRUIT SALT' is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is especially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the Liver."—*Young Lady's Journal*.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.



## COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.

VENICE.—Grand Hôtel d'Italie. On the Grand Canal, close to the Square of St. Marc. Renowned restaurant and brasserie adjoining the hotel. Substantial and generous fare. BAUER GRUNWALD, Proprietor.

## PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhoea, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

## PAIN KILLER.

### Specialists

Know . . .

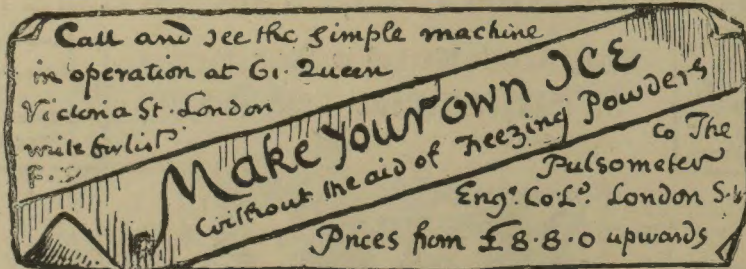
that the hair should never be curled by hot irons.

## HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS,

used cold, create the present fashionable Wavy Curls in five minutes; often in less.

Ladies can have samples free.

Address, enclosing one stamp, Hindes, Limited, Patentees, Birmingham.



## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.



Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.

### IRISH CAMBRIC

Samples and Illustrated Price-Lists Post Free.

### IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4½ each.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES, also, of LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER (By Special Appointment to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany), BELFAST.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 4-lb. and 1-lb. Packets.

For BREAKFAST LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Daily Consumption exceeds 50 tons.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Paris, London, New York.

Sold Everywhere.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

## BOOKS.

Rare and Curious. Catalogue Free on Application. CROMBRUGGHE, Bookseller, Amsterdam, Holland.

## CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE

(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Medieval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM. Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

## CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED

STATIONERY.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest; or with Monogram or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 42s. Card-plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 6d.; ladies' 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.—35, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

## LYCEUM.—KING HENRY VIII., TO-DAY

(SATURDAY) at TWO, and Every Evening at EIGHT (except Saturday). Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. ILIVING; Queen Katharine, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Matinee of "King Henry VIII." every Saturday at Two o'clock. Box-office (Mr. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

## SAMPLES GRATIS.—NAPIER'S PATENT

CEPHALIC SNUFF, worth its weight in gold; cures deafness, polypos, weak sight, its, catarrh, and head diseases. Send directed envelope. Prof. NAPIER, Moorland Rd., Weston-s-M.

## ASTHMA CURED by the "FRUNEAU

PAPER" (Papier Fruneau), which has obtained the Highest Award in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889. London Agent: GABRIEL JOZEAU, 49, Haymarket, London.



## FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.  
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.  
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.  
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.  
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
2s. 6d. per Bottle.  
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

**Any Lady can be Beautiful,**  
OR AT LEAST CAN HAVE  
**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**  
**NATURAL, FRESH, AND HEALTHY.**

ANNA RUPPERT'S SKIN TONIC, sold all over the world, so famous for its wonderful cures. SKIN TONIC positively removes old and chronic cases of acne, eczema, oily and coarseness, also excessive redness and all eruptions. It is not a cosmetic, but cleanses the pores; is harmless and effective.  
ANNA RUPPERT guarantees no injurious ingredients.  
Don't forget to send a stamped envelope for the new celebrated Book of Beauty. WORTH A GUINEA. All FREE. Consultation Free, in person or by letter. Call or address—  
**ANNA RUPPERT,**  
89, Regent Street, London, W.; 17, Rue de la Paix, Paris; 124, Western Road, Brighton; 8, King Street, Manchester, and 3A, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

**NOTICE.**  
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

## PERRY & CO.'S "AUSTRALIAN" PENS.



This is a small series of pens made in the U, M, B, and J patterns, in an incorrodible metal, which is coated with pure gold. No ink will affect these pens so as to cause them to rust, and they write with a nice, soft, and easy elasticity.

6 Samples by post, 6d., or 12 for 1s.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

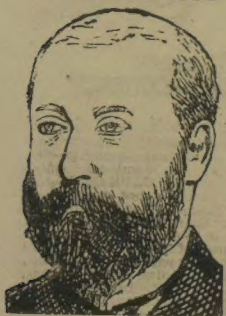
WHOLESALE—  
**PERRY & Co., Ltd.,**  
HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN.



**MÜLLER & CO.**  
(LATE H. SEEGER),  
21, MINCEING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

COVERINGS FOR PARTIAL OR COMPLETE BALDNESS.



Perfect Imitations of Nature; weightless, no wiggy appearance.  
Instructions for Self-Measurement on application.  
**SPECIALISTS FOR WIGS** for Ladies and Gentlemen.  
Every Design in Ladies' Artificial Hair for Fashion and Convenience.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**C. BOND & SON,** 546, Oxford St., London, W.

# PETER ROBINSON

BEGS RESPECTFULLY TO ANNOUNCE HIS

## ANNUAL SUMMER SALE

AT THE

## GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

256 TO 262, REGENT ST.,

Commencing Monday, July 4.

The Surplus portions of the vast and choice Stocks will be very considerably reduced.

DETAILED CIRCULAR ON APPLICATION.



**HEWETSON'S**  
New Illustrated Catalogue, Free.

HOW TO FURNISH

For £150 0 0  
" £300 0 0  
" £500 0 0

Every Article Illustrated, Numbered, and Priced in Catalogue.

ALL GOODS CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.  
CARPETS—ENGLISH, CARPETS—FOREIGN.  
BEST BRUSSELS CARPET in Choice Colours and New Designs, 3s. 6d. per yard.

**HEWETSONS,**  
Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER.—"Really, I consider that, humanly speaking, 'Benger's Food' entirely saved baby's life. I had tried four other well-known Foods, but in this horrible climate he could digest nothing until we began the 'Benger.' He is now rosy, and fattening rapidly."

# Benger's Food

THE MOST DELICIOUS,  
NUTRITIVE & DIGESTIBLE.

Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.,  
of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

GOLD MEDAL  
AWARDED,  
HEALTH  
EXHIBITION  
LONDON.

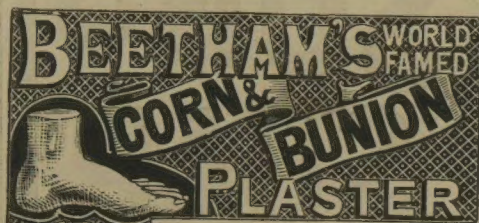
CONTRACTORS TO HER MAJESTY'S ADMIRALTY.

FOUR MEDALS AWARDED TO PATENTEE.

# THE FLOOR COVERING OF THE FUTURE.

## TILED FLOOR-CLOTH

An economical and lasting substitute for Ornamental Tile Pavements. Unsurpassed for Durability. Beautiful Patterns, which do not wear through like ordinary Floor-cloth or Linoleum, but are always retained as long as the fabric lasts. It is easily laid.  
OUR NEW PARQUET DESIGNS FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ARE UNAPPROACHABLE. The patterns are adaptable for all purposes—Halls, Corridors, Offices, Institutions, Galleries, Hotels, &c., wherever there is great traffic. Sold by all the best Furnishing Houses.  
London Warehouse—4, RIDGMOUNT STREET, W.C. Works—SCARBOROUGH.  
PARTICULARS AND ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.



CURES WHEN ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

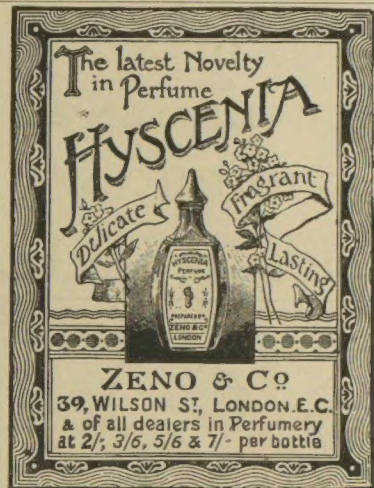
IS THE  
BEST REMEDY  
EVER DISCOVERED!

It acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing ENLARGED GREAT TOE JOINTS, which so spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have been cured, some of whom had suffered for fifty years without being able to get relief from any other remedy. It is a thin plaster, and takes up no room in the boot. A trial of a box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure. Boxes 1s. 1d., of all Chemists. Free for 14 stamps from the Proprietors, M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

**TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE,**  
OR PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH, SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Thibury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by the Faculty. The eminent physician Dr. Routh says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a teaspoonful." Post free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps. Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name, and Address are on every Parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.  
Introduced into medical practice and prepared by  
**JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.**

**A REAL SEA BATH IN YOUR OWN ROOM.** TIDMAN'S SEA SALT. Patronised by the Royal Family. Should be used in every case of Debility, Rheumatism, &c.; and for all Children in the Daily Bath. Nothing so fortifies and invigorates the constitution. Wholesale Depot, 21, Wilson Street, London, E.C. To avoid worthless and injurious substitutes, ask for Tidman's.

**THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS**  
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT  
**BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, London.**  
Really good Foreign Cigars at  
16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).



**ED. PINAUD**  
PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes  
VIOLET OF PARMA | THEODORA  
IXORA BREONI | AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER  
The world-renowned hair tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP  
The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.  
Wholesale: E. HOVENDEN & SONS,  
31, BERNERS STREET (Oxford Street), London, W.

**"BEETHAM'S"**  
GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER  
SOON RENDERS THE SKIN SOFT,  
SMOOTH, AND WHITE.

Entirely removes and prevents all  
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS,  
SUNBURN, TAN, &c.,  
and Preserves the Skin from the effects of exposure to the Sun, Wind, or Hard Water more effectually than any other known preparation. No lady who values her Complexion should ever be without it, as it is invaluable at all seasons of the year for keeping the Skin Soft and Blooming. Beware of Injurious Imitations. "BEETHAM'S" is the only genuine. It is Perfectly Harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the Tenderest Infant. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers,  
**M. BEETHAM and SON,**  
CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND



NEVER  
REQUIRES GRINDING.  
Black Handle ... 5/6 | A Pair, Ivory Handles in  
Ivory Handle ... 7/6 | Russia Leather Case, 21/-  
Kropp's Duplex Strop 7/6 | Kropp's Strop Paste, 6d.  
FROM ALL DEALERS.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, and CO., London, W.



Why suffer from these distressing complaints, when JOY'S CIGARETTES will immediately relieve, and a little perseverance will radically cure you? Highly recommended by the most eminent physicians. All Chemists and Stores; per box of 35 Cigarettes, 2s. 6d. Post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London; Paris DEPOT: BERLÉ, 14, Rue de la Paix.



